FEB 27 1935

UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. IX. No. 208 (New Series) SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 201
ALL WHITE MEN'S BURDEN. 204
ANOTHER DEAL FOR THE UNEMPLOYED . . . 205
A LONDON DIARY 206
THIS ENGLAND 207
STERILITY CORRECTED. By E. L. Grant Watson . 207
VALEDICTION. By Y. Y. 208
CLIFFORD SHARP. By C. M. Lloyd 209
CORRESPONDENCE 210
From Leonard Woolf; Godfrey Nicholson, M.P.; Leonard W. Matters; G. Wren Howard; Ethel Mannin; G. L. Schwartz; Sir Charles Grant Robertson; J. Parsons; P. Y. Betts; Ralph Leftwich.
PROLETARIAN MUSIC. By W. J. Turner . . . 212
VIVA! By Francis Watson 213
PLAYS AND PICTURES 213
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By G. W. Stonier . . Page 215
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Cyril Connolly 216
The Assyrian Tragedy. By Gilbert Murray . 216
A Liberal Egg. By W. B. Curry 218
A Blue-print Man. By Hamish Miles . . . 218
Political Philosophy. By Harold J. Laski . . 219
Minuet. 220
Beach-la-Mar. By Raymond Mortimer . . 220
The Consequences of Passchendaele. By Julian Bell 222
SHORTER NOTICES 224
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 224
CROSSWORD 228
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 230

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

EVENTS have suddenly combined to show how very superficial has been the political calm of the last few months in this country. The revolt against the new unemployment regulations, the Government's surrender, the unexpectedly steep rise in unemployment figures, the hint of possibly big scandals rising out of the pepper failures, the Wavertree election and the threat, once again, of an unofficial wrecking campaign in the constituencies by Lord Rothermere and his friends—all these have combined to introduce a quite new feeling into politics and to force the Government to consider seriously questions of Cabinet reconstruction and electoral prospects. Their line at the moment is no immediate reconstruction, no reason for panic changes or a quick election, put the India Bill first, and, as far as possible, turn the tables on the Opposition by pointing to the fall in the gilt-edged market as a sign that even the distant possibility of the break up of National Government is enough to begin that financial panic that they (and Sir Stafford Cripps for different reasons) prophesy as the result of a return of another Labour Government.

What Next for the Unemployed?

The Government, having decided not to stand by the Board's regulations, have had themselves to shoulder the blame, and the whole future of the regulations, as well as the question of the future status, or indeed existence, of the Unemployment Assistance Board is still to be decided. March 1st as the date at which the remaining able-bodied unemployed were to be passed over to the Board has been abandoned, and the anomalous *status quo* has been legalised. As a further concession the Government have agreed to allow the general right of appeal against assessment without the consent of the Chairman of the Tribunal. The Opposition is entitled to make all the political capital it can out of this unprecedented fiasco—on one condition. The condition is that it should itself decide clearly about its own policy in regard to unemployment and unemployment relief. The present Government laid it down that the Board's regulations should be based on such principles as that relief must not be higher than wages, that it must not be so administered as to undermine the present insurance scheme, that there should be uniformity of rates all over the country and that "means" should be assessed on the basis of family income. When the Labour Party comes to power it will find the same problem confronting it and its future depends on its decision on this matter more than on any other single factor.

The Rise in Unemployment

The latest unemployment returns have been issued at an awkward moment for the Government. There is always a substantial rise in January after the Christmas rush; but this year's increase is too big to attribute to

purely seasonal causes. The large addition to the numbers of school-leavers seeking work at the end of term is undoubtedly a factor, and the bad weather on the day of the count sent up unemployment to an abnormal level in the building trades. But when every allowance has been made for these factors there remains a disquieting, though small, increase in unemployment spread over most industries and over most areas. Apart from building and distribution, which show much the biggest increases, there is no very startling rise in any one trade, though the continued worsening in the woollen and worsted industry is significant. The fact is that there has been a small, but general, setback to the upward movement of last year. No particular cause can be assigned, and it would be unwise to draw positive conclusions. We have never thought that last year's improvement meant that we had entered upon a period of steady and unlimited improvement. Incidentally, last month's figures strongly reinforce the case for an immediate rise in the school-leaving age to fifteen, in order to take some of the redundant workers out of the labour market.

The Pledge to India

The Indian Legislative Assembly voted last Friday as we had anticipated. It pronounced the plan of Federation in the Government's Bill "fundamentally bad," and asked for a scheme that would give central responsible Government to British India, leaving the Princes outside. This new fact was tranquilly disregarded at Westminster, and the second reading of the Bill that India has rejected was passed on Monday by the usual majority, 404 to 133. The Labour amendment stressed the undemocratic character of the new Constitution, and the failure even to mention Dominion status. This latter criticism Sir Samuel Hoare and his colleagues answered with some care. Their case was that it was unnecessary to repeat the pledge contained in the preamble to the Act of 1919. It stood and would stand, until the House expressly repealed it. In the plainest language he reaffirmed it and with it Lord Irwin's promise of Dominion status. This opening took some of the sting out of the debate. But it does not explain why the Joint Committee in its report sedulously avoided all mention of the subject, nor did it meet the graver objection that this Constitution provides no means by which the further steps towards this status may be taken. The Attorney-General's statement that "Dominion status" cannot be defined was disturbing, since it robbed the pledge of precise meaning. The Statute of Westminster is surely a definition. The question of the right to secede he first brushed aside as "academic," but thereafter he rejected it in the plainest words. What had been promised was equality within the Commonwealth, not outside it. Certainly the question cannot arise for many a long year to come, and we hope that Indians will never raise it. But it is fatal to tell them that they are within the Commonwealth by our will, not their free choice.

The Religious Struggle in Germany

General Göring in a speech the other day boasted that the Führer had achieved "the unity of the German people." An ironic comment on that comes immediately from Bavaria, where another fight between Church and State has broken out—this time over the question of the Catholic schools. The religious struggle, of course, is going on all over the country, and Protestants as well as Catholics are obstinately resisting the Nazi offensive. But it looks as if that offensive is weakening. Rumours of a coming attack on the Church in the Saar, which were strong a few weeks ago, have died down, and it is probable that Hitler, becoming more estranged from, and less fearful of, his Left wing followers, will not be anxious to throw the Christians to the Nazi lions. There seems indeed to be remarkably little left of the original programme of National Socialism. The *Reichswart*, the one semi-independent weekly paper, has been suppressed for an article pointing out that German Fascism has not changed the position of the capitalist or carried out its promises. Of these nothing now remains except Herr Darré's land scheme, and that is causing the maximum of dissatisfaction. Dr. Schacht is in the ascendant, and he stands for nineteenth-century capitalism, not for mediaeval distributism. The one aspect of National Socialism that certainly remains is its political terrorism. There is no relaxation of the "Aryan clauses" and, instead of the promised lull in persecution after the Saar, there are signs in the renewed activities of the nauseating Streicher and his friends of a new drive against the Jews.

The Week in America

The United States Supreme Court is still holding back its decision on the "gold clause," and no anticipation of what its verdict is likely to be seems to rest on any assured foundation. On Monday, Mr. Morgenthau, on behalf of the Treasury, announced that for some time past the Government had been using the American Exchange Fund for the purpose of keeping the dollar stable in terms of foreign currencies. As the Fund's operations have hitherto been kept entirely secret, there is presumably a motive behind this public announcement. It seems to be meant, on the one hand, to reassure those who still fear a plunge into further depreciation of the dollar in the hope of stimulating American prices and recovery, and on the other hand to be an assertion of the President's intention to carry on with his policy of a "managed currency," whatever the Supreme Court may decide. Apart from this, there have been no important developments in the New Deal during the past week, except the decision to introduce a new method of subsidising shipbuilding and shipping on the highly dangerous principle of offsetting differences between American and foreign costs of construction and operation. On the Labour front, the President's dispute with the A. F. of L. over the new automobile code is still going on; and in trade matters Mr. Hall is pursuing his quarrel over debt-payments with the U.S.S.R. Large sums, out of the funds made available by Congress for public works, have been appropriated to the military and naval departments, especially for defence works and naval bases in the Pacific. But in general the New Deal is standing nearly still, pending the elaboration and enforcement of the new measures of relief and social provision that have been before Congress during the past month.

Aftermath of the Spanish Revolt

The controversy over the "Spanish atrocities" still goes on. We have received two communications on the

subject this week. One comes from an official spokesman on behalf of the Governor-General of Asturias, which whitewashes the Government troops and the police and blackens the revolutionaries and their champions. The other is a document signed by 564 of the political prisoners in the gaol at Oviedo, and testifying from their personal knowledge to a great number of specific cases of official ill-treatment and savagery. This document has been presented to the Government by Señor del Vayo, a member of the Cortes, and it is hoped that it will be given due weight. The Prime Minister has already been compelled by the pressure of public opinion in Spain to hold an investigation (which he refused at first) into the shocking events in Asturias. The sooner that is completed and the report published the better. Foreign opinion is loath to attribute to Señor Lerroux and his colleagues the brutality of the German Nazis; but it is certainly not prepared, on the evidence that has been forthcoming, to believe that the soldiery and police all behaved like gentlemen in the Asturias rising and the revolters like blackguards and criminals.

Democratic Reforms in Russia

More democratic water is going into the wine of dictatorship. In Russia the secret ballot is to take the place of voting by hands; there will be direct, instead of indirect, election to all the higher Soviet assemblies; and the voting power of urban and rural constituencies will be put on the same footing, so that one industrial worker will no longer equal five peasants, as he does at present. The adoption of these reforms, modelled, as Mr. Molotov says, on the best features of parliamentary government in capitalist countries, will equip the U.S.S.R. with an extraordinarily democratic constitution—on paper. In fact, everyone knows that the operation of democracy, as it is commonly understood, is kept within the narrowest limits by the control of the Communist Party, and there is no present indication that that control is going to be relaxed. Still, even this shadow of reform is a welcome sign, especially when it is coupled with Mr. Molotov's declaration that the U.S.S.R. emphatically disapproves of government by terrorism. We believe that more liberalisation will strengthen and not weaken the regime.

Elections in Turkey

In Turkey elections for the Grand National Assembly have just been held. Women now have the vote (at the age of twenty-three), and are eligible to sit in Parliament (at the age of thirty-one) provided, rather oddly, they are not the wives of Deputies. Seventeen women have actually been returned. They comprise ten teachers, four local councillors, two farmers and one doctor, and three of them have had an English or American education. Another portent is the election of four non-Moslems, including a Jew, an Armenian and a Greek. All this continues the advance—which has already gone far—in the Westernisation of Turkey, in real social and religious emancipation, and in rather less real political freedom. The Turkish Parliament has not the sovereign powers of the French or the British; the Ghazi's system of dictatorship is pretty effective, and all candidates are members of, or are "vetted" by, his People's Party. Nevertheless it is clear that the Turks, as well as the Russians, are moving forward, and not backward like the Germans.

The Meat Problem

Mr. Elliot's Bill to extend the meat subsidy turns out to contain no hint of any permanent scheme, but merely to prolong the existing arrangement for three months, with power to prolong it for a further three months by resolution if need should arise. From what has been heard recently of the negotiations for a permanent scheme, a further prolongation seems very likely to be asked for. The Dominions are by no means ready to accept a regular system of limiting imports, unless they can be assured that they will get a considerably higher price, as the Danish and other exporters have in fact done under the bacon scheme. But this means that the consumers in this country will be called upon to pay a considerably enhanced price for their meat, and that they will have to pay—as bacon consumers have already done—a great deal more than the British live-stock producers will get by way of subsidy through the higher prices chargeable for the home supply. This entire business of import quotas, without import boards to regulate buying conditions, is thoroughly unsatisfactory, and wholly to the consumers' detriment. There is also the vexed question of the allocation of quotas between the Dominions and such foreign countries as the Argentine; and there are the gadflies on Mr. Elliot's flank who want a tariff on foreign meat instead of a quota for both foreign and Dominion meat.

Pepper

Some facts about the pepper gamble are given on our City page and we will not attempt to comment on the affair until the report of the liquidation of James and Shakspeare, the metal and produce company, is published. The City and Fleet Street are humming with rumours and scandals and the threatened explosion of inflated reputations. It is too early to pass judgment. But we may ask a few pertinent questions. How does it come about that a few commodity speculators can obtain apparently unlimited credit? Are the brokerage houses in Mincing Lane lax in their methods of business, or are the banks too lazy to inquire into the credits they grant to Mincing Lane? None of the operations of the "pepper pool" could have been undertaken without banking credit of some kind. It is absurd to look for any special wickedness in any single case of one capitalist group making a profit out of another in a free capitalist system. But we see in the pepper gamble a story which is likely to be used—and fairly used—on many platforms to rub in the moral that this dog-fight ruins innocent people, makes the consumer pay more than he should, and is a grossly inefficient way of distributing commodities.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Clifford Sharp, who was Editor of the *New Statesman* from its beginning in 1913 until 1931. In this issue we print Obituary articles by Y. Y. (Robert Lynd) and C. M. Lloyd, both of whom were associated with him in the conduct of the paper for many years. The funeral will be at 1 o'clock on Saturday next, the 16th, at Redstone Hill Cemetery, Redhill, Surrey. There are frequent trains from Victoria and London Bridge.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

ALL WHITE MEN'S BURDEN

THE Duce contrives to veil his dispute with Abyssinia in an eminently useful fog. It is dense enough to silence the friends of peace, who fear to speak and still more to act, lest they should interrupt to no purpose negotiations that may, after all, end in a compromise. But peering into this same fog, Fascist youth can none the less see the hope of movement and adventure, and it demonstrates for war. We know too little, but we know enough to say something without hesitation. However it may end, and whatever may be the Duce's real intentions, this dispute has been shockingly conducted. Everything in it is doubtful, yet no steps have been taken to ascertain either the bare facts or the rights of the matter. Twice Italian and Abyssinian troops have come to blows, on the first occasion with heavy losses to the latter, on desert territory near Wal Wal, which both sides claim as their own. So much may be said without risk of error, and beyond this nothing can be assumed. It is fair to add, however, that the Abyssinian version of the facts, which charges the Italians with repeated and unprovoked aggression, is at least as plausible as the Italian version, and British eye-witnesses seem to corroborate it. In such a case the only civilised course to follow is to call in a neutral to adjust the disputed boundary, which should not be a difficult task, if as we suppose the territory in question is very sparsely peopled and of negligible economic value. If either side seriously insists on it, the facts about the two conflicts should be cleared up on the spot by the same neutral. In the meantime, both sides should withdraw their outposts so as to leave a no-man's land between them. No such procedure has been followed. But arbitration was offered by the Abyssinians, and refused by the Italians. Not only did the Duce reject it; he dictated terms which no self-respecting people could be expected to accept—an apology, a ceremonial act of homage, and an indemnity which represents a big sum—a million sterling—for a poor African State. The Abyssinians then appealed to the League Council, which viewed a rather urgent business with remarkable calm, and postponed the whole matter after advising the two adversaries to talk it over again. They have talked, but apparently the Italians insist on their original terms, which it is said they have presented again. Meanwhile, two divisions of Italian reservists have been called up and are ready to embark for Africa.

These are the known facts and, whatever the outcome may be, they are sufficiently discreditable to Italy. This is not the way in which one member of the League should treat another. The Duce is bullying a relatively weak State in a way that unpleasantly recalls his treatment of Greece in the Corfu affair, and which reminds us all too forcibly of Japan's behaviour in the early stages of its Manchurian aggression. It is possible that he is engaged only in staging a diversion of no permanent importance, which one may ascribe to irrepressible high spirits or to the taste of his followers for the excitement of the circus. In that case he offends against the good manners and the humanity without which there is no civilisation. But another interpretation is possible, and in a suitably interrogative tone we propose to state it. The Duce makes no secret of his Roman and Imperial ambitions. Up and down the map, from Anatolia to Angola, his restless glance has fallen from time to time on regions suitable for colonisation. Abyssinia may be as eligible as any. Its uplands may be habitable by South Europeans; cotton can be grown, and Italians believe (perhaps mistakenly) that it has valuable minerals. The ambition is of long standing, and where Crispi, the most strident of his democratic predecessors, failed, it might be peculiarly agreeable to the Duce to succeed. Just as the defeat of British troops at Majuba Hill made the Boer War grateful to British Imperialists, so the destruction of General Baratieri's army at Adowah in 1896 may set a fit task for General Graziani or another to-day. The victim, if that be Abyssinia's role, enjoys no high degree of sympathy anywhere. Virility this backward people may possess, but no other quality that wins respect. The Government functions spasmodically, and has much difficulty in controlling turbulent vassals and barbaric tribes. Life is cheap and cruelty common. Slave-raiding survives on a considerable scale. The Ethiopian Government has done something to create an army, but very little to acclimatise the gentler and more constructive arts of civilisation. On this basis it is easy to base the usual case for shouldering "the white man's burden."

Several white men from time to time have offered their backs to carry this load. Round the coast their preparations for this supreme effort of altruism are visible enough. The French, Italian and British colonies that shut off Abyssinia from the sea are none of them in themselves attractive regions, but any of these deserts may have a possible strategic use. Some little time after the war there was a move to demarcate British and Italian zones of interest in the Ethiopian hinterland, which the threatened kingdom foiled by challenging publicity at Geneva. It brought in American hydraulic engineers, and more recently welcomed Japanese planters and merchants. In a multiplicity of white and even yellow men there may be safety. But what was the exact significance of the negotiations between France and Italy that led up to the pact of Rome? A feud that reaches back beyond this generation is said to have been healed. The French got, or believe they got, some tacit military backing from Italy that is as good as an alliance. But what did they pay? Austria had been conceded already. The favours granted in Tunis were trifling. May it be, then, that the little strip of Red Sea sand ceded to the Italians, and the share in the railway that leads through French territory to the Ethiopian capital, are symbolic of something further? Do they indicate an attitude of benevolence to expansion by Italy at Abyssinia's expense, if not to-day, then to-morrow? Is this at length the *quid pro quo* for Italy's unrequited entrance into the ranks of the victors in the Great War? And if this be so, have we the explanation of the *sang froid* with which the League received Abyssinia's petition last month?

These are questions, disturbing and not unreasonable questions, but they are nothing more. As yet one can only say that the Duce is magnifying a minor and doubtful dispute with his customary theatrical brutality, and that the League is carrying its habit of postponement to dangerous lengths. "But after all," some reader may object, "if Italy were to reclaim Abyssinia for Fascism, would not the cause of order and decent government gain?" On that spot of the globe's surface possibly and for a time. But while roads and aqueducts and gendarmes

might be a gain to Abyssinians, until the inevitable revolt began, the loss to Europe would be immeasurable. For it would mean that while we have all been trying to talk of a League policy and of collective security, in fact the Powers have been engaged in nothing but the crudest game of barter and the balance of power. If foreign aid is necessary, as it well may be, to civilise Abyssinia, the proper way to bestow it is not by an Imperial conquest, but through the technique which Geneva has used in China, for a time at least with conspicuous success. This is a burden for all white men. But the League can no more help Abyssinia out of her mediaeval surliness than it can help China, unless it first protects her from the assaults of its own more influential members. These are tentative questions. We must hope that events will supply an answer as reassuring as the Duce's communiqués, but very much less nebulous.

ANOTHER DEAL FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

THE Government, having capitulated to the general outcry, has now to find a new basis for the treatment of the unemployed. It is already clear that no merely piecemeal revision of the abandoned regulations will serve; there has to be another "New Deal." But on what principles are the cards now to be dealt? Clearly the new deal will have to be more favourable to the unemployed than the old. But in what respects are the additional favours to be shown; and, above all, how much of the much-debated means test is to be left?

For our own part, we believe that the only sound plan is to grant to all workers for whom no suitable work can be found, for as long as they remain unemployed, assistance for themselves and their dependants at standard rates, as they are granted now to those still in benefit under the insurance scheme. In other words, we should revert to the practice that prevailed immediately before the introduction of the means test—subject only to the change that the system would apply to workers in uninsured as well as insured trades—pending the extension of the general insurance scheme, or of a special scheme such as is now proposed for agricultural workers, to as many as possible of the occupations that are still outside the range of insurance.

For the great mass of the unemployed this extended provision would suffice. But there would remain, as there have always remained, a number of cases in which the standard benefits would be inadequate. For these claimants for additional help some sort of needs test is, of course, unavoidable, and the duties of the Unemployment Assistance Board (if that Board is to remain—a better alternative would be for the Ministry of Labour itself to take over its functions) should be restricted to laying down, in addition to the basic rates of assistance, the broad rules in accordance with which supplementary allowances are to be granted in these special cases. For this purpose the Board (or the Ministry) would have to work through local machinery in reaching actual decisions, and there would have to be a good deal of room for elasticity from place to place. Within these limits, a means test is unobjectionable and, indeed, necessary. Naturally, the insured unemployed, i.e., recipients of unemployment insurance benefit, who need that benefit supplemented, would apply to the Board, and not to the Public Assistance Committees, as they have to now. Otherwise they would be in an inferior position to those in receipt of "assistance."

It is not likely, however, that the National Government will go so far as this. What line of reconstruction, then, of the suspended system can it be pressed to adopt? Up to a point, the lines of reorganisation are plain enough. The reduction of payment on account of differences in rent has been shown to produce such anomalies that it ought clearly to be dropped altogether. Exceptionally high rents may constitute a case for claiming additional help; but, unless the standard scales are to be made far more generous than they are at all likely to be, no account should be taken of rents below the average. This concession would be of special benefit to the miners, and that is strongly in its favour, because in the mining areas unemployment has been so persistent and prolonged that most of the families in receipt of relief have exhausted all other resources long ago, and need more generous treatment than workers whose unemployment has been more intermittent and less severe.

Secondly—and this is evidently the most important point of all—even if a modified personal means test is retained, the household means test has got to go. The system of treating all relatives, including "in-laws," who live under the same roof as a single family, and taking a very high proportion of their earnings into account in the assessment of needs, is manifestly unfair. It is, for example, intolerable that a son-in-law who lives in the same house with his wife's parents should be under an obligation to support them while a son-in-law living a few doors off escapes. It is monstrous to make an unemployed man or woman who has relatives living with him and in work absolutely dependent upon what is bound to be regarded as their charity, however much it is made into a legal obligation. It is preposterous, in the name of the family, to impose regulations which can result only in breaking up the family, either by driving the younger members away in order that they may escape the burden of maintaining the older, or by driving parents out of their homes in order that they may cease to be a burden on their children and their children's husbands. Nothing in the means test as it was operated in the past so outraged the sense of common fairness as this assessment on a family basis; and the new regulations of the Board went even beyond the previous practice in this respect.

The family means test should, then, be discarded altogether; and each wage-earner (with his wife, if she be not a wage-earner as well, and his *dependent* children only, not including those who are in work or unemployed) should be treated as a separate claimant for assistance, on the same principles as apply now to claimants for benefit under the Insurance Scheme. So far as the basic rates of assistance are concerned, the earnings of other members of the household should be regarded as irrelevant and no account should be taken of them. That is the only sound principle—any other opens the door to a host of abuses and is repugant to public sentiment throughout the country.

So far, the required minimum changes in the regulations are evident enough. Beyond those two clear needs, difficulties begin to arise. The first is what, if any, account ought to be taken of savings. In this respect some concessions have already been made, as in the case of house-ownership by a claimant for assistance. It is, however, unfair to discriminate according to the form of investment in which the claimant has made his savings. If one man has bought his house whereas another has invested his money in other ways and paid his rent out of his interest or dividends, the two are surely entitled to equal treatment. But is there any way of achieving this except by deciding that no account shall be taken of savings in any case? It is doubtless possible to fix a limit to the value of savings to be left out of account in assessing claims. But is this really worth while? Are there likely to be enough claimants with savings in excess of any limit that can reasonably be fixed to make such a general inquisition worth the trouble, except where a claim is made to supplementary relief beyond the standard rates? We very much doubt it, and we should prefer to see savings wholly ignored in the assessment of benefits under the revised scheme.

Next comes the question of the actual scales on which assistance is to be given. It is sometimes argued that non-contractual assistance must be lower than the benefits provided under the insurance scheme. But this is to ignore the fact that needs tend to be even more urgent among those who, owing to prolonged unemployment, have exhausted their insurance rights,

than among the recipients of insurance benefit. The longer unemployment lasts, the greater the need for assistance commonly becomes. But if uninsured workers are to be brought within the scope of the general assistance scheme, it is clearly impracticable to allow them benefits at a higher rate than workers who have been making compulsory contributions out of their wages. The moral is not that " assistance " should be at a lower rate than insurance benefit, but that the rates should be the same, and insurance be extended as rapidly as possible to those classes of workers to which it does not at present apply.

As for dependants' allowances, it has been admitted implicitly, in the proposals for the insurance of agricultural workers, that the sums at present allowed for children are inadequate. There ought clearly to be, under both the insurance scheme and the new regulations for assistance, a considerable scaling up of the rates for dependants. The great body of public opinion is in favour of this ; and the Government and the Board will only be asking for further trouble if they fail to meet so strong and so reasonable a demand.

Finally, there is the question whether the new scales ought to be uniform for the country as a whole, or varied from one district to another. There is everything to be said for a uniform standard, such as exists under the unemployment insurance scheme, as well as for health insurance, old age pensions, and other services for which the State is responsible. It may be necessary, for the present, to lay down special rates for agricultural workers, just as they are to be brought under a special scheme of insurance. Even this is regrettable ; but in view of the existing level of agricultural wages it can hardly be helped for the time being. It is, however, highly undesirable to discriminate, in the rates of assistance to be granted, among workers who are insured against unemployment on a uniform system of contributions and benefits. There is room for local variations in the granting of additional assistance, in cases of need, over and above the basic scales ; but the scales themselves, for " assistance " as well as for insurance benefit, ought to be uniform.

These, as we see the situation, are the minimum reforms with which the Government can patch up for the moment this awkward—and, as we believe, ultimately unworkable—system. No doubt, the drawing up of the new scheme is formally a matter, not for the Government, but for the Unemployment Assistance Board. But everyone now realises that the Board can only frame its scales and conditions in the light of the sum of money that the Treasury is prepared to provide. We do not profess to know in what proportion the responsibility for the abandoned regulations ought to be shared between the Government and the Board ; but it does seem clear that they were drawn up so as to fit in with an estimated expenditure which the Treasury was prepared to meet. This shows that the idea of taking the question of the provision for the unemployed " out of politics " is nonsense. It is, and must remain, one of the principal political issues of the day. In the making of new regulations, the Government can no longer even pretend to fob off responsibility on to the Board. It is for the Government themselves to make clear to the Board their preparedness to find whatever sum is needed in order to give the unemployed a square deal.

A LONDON DIARY

IN spite of the eager anticipations of political correspondents I do not expect an early reconstruction of the Government. In private I understand that Mr. MacDonald declares that he sees no reason for reorganising the Administration and that he will not himself move unless he is pushed. I know it to be also true that in 1931 Mr. Baldwin made the Prime Minister a solemn promise never to desert him and that in personal matters of this kind Mr. Baldwin's word is his bond. Therefore, short of a revolt led by important members of the Conservative Party, there can be no reconstruction of the Government, and a Tory revolt to oust Mr. Chamberlain and put Mr. Lloyd George into office and his New Deal into operation is at present highly improbable. Some pundits see that the unprecedented muddle over the Means Test has lowered the Government's stock immensely and given Mr. Lloyd George a new argument and a new value. I imagine a lot of people will say that if the Government cannot manage the unemployed better than this, they had better try to give them work. But Mr. Lloyd George's propaganda will have to go a great deal farther in the country and be accepted by many more influential persons and groups before this argument pushes the Conservative Party into insisting on a change of policy and personnel at the top.

* * *

The Wavertree result may, after all, work rather against than in favour of an early Cabinet reconstruction. The fear of splitting may lead to a closing of the ranks rather than to an effort to reorganise on a wider front. Reconstruction while India is dividing the Party would be dangerous and play into the hands of Lord Rothermere, who alone on the Right really wants a split. The Simonites are afraid that they would be squeezed out of a reorganised Administration, and Mr. Churchill went out of his way to assure the Government that he only differed on India. The *Times* significantly urges no " panic " changes and adds that Mr. Baldwin understands, as it does itself, the need of Cabinet reconstruction " sooner or later—certainly long before the National Government's appeal to the country for another term of office." While carefully keeping the way open for the possibility of accepting Mr. Lloyd George's " positive contribution to the common stock of ideas or to the strength of the National Government," it ends with an unexpected argument that a " duller " but " more coherent " Government may be better than one composed of " brilliant individuals."

* * *

More interesting still was something in the nature of an attack on the Prime Minister in Monday's *Times*. The truth is that the Prime Minister's reply on Friday about the new Means Test proposals overstrained forbearance. Can there be any parallel in the history of English government for a Prime Minister replying quite incoherently on an issue of first-class importance and saying that he had only known about it when he opened his newspaper and had been " trying all the morning to get into touch with the department concerned " ? Was his telephone out of order ? The *Times* went so far as to speak of his " lack of cohesion, lack of decision and lack of calm." Is this the beginning of a very discreet " MacDonald Must Go " campaign ?

* * *

My general conclusion from all this is that no decision has been reached about a reconstruction of the Government or about the time for an election. The signs are that the Conservative Party is going to try to pull itself together and that it will not much longer put up with the Prime Minister. This seems to me very intelligible. If I were a Conservative, confronted with a mess on the scale of this *volte face* about the unemployment regulations, I should prefer to put the blame on the National Government and go to the country appealing for a nice, clean New Conservative Deal. As to the date of an election, India and the Budget rule out the next few months, while the Jubilee makes the early summer impossible. May and June will be a close season in which no political partridges may be shot. July is therefore the earliest possible moment but, if I had to gamble on it, I'd put my money on the autumn.

* * *

Mr. Garvin is really a most extraordinary journalist. I thoroughly enjoy his buoyant assurance, his vitality and his exuberant handling of the English language. But every now and then he says something that makes me wonder whether we live in the same world. Can the editor of the *Observer* be unaware of the size of the protest which induced the Government to withdraw the new unemployment regulations and fails to realise the significance of that withdrawal ? Of a

protest that in some districts resembled a general strike and of an issue that brought down the last Government, is likely to bring down this one and perhaps the next, and which threatens parliamentary government as no other issue does, he writes:

> The Government have followed the best and most characteristic of national instincts in preferring a terrific administrative derangement to even a limited miscarriage of unemployment assistance. *We all like to see the traffic held up in order that the perambulator may get across.*

The italics are mine.

* * *

An interesting example of the struggle between Left and Right for the support of the "Technicians" and the middle classes was the meeting of architects held last Monday in the Conway Hall. Although the meeting had received no press publicity, and had been called to consider a vague socialistic memorandum with no very concrete proposals, an unexpectedly large audience, almost completely composed of salaried workers, turned up, and a considerable portion of it joined the proposed organisation, half militant Trade Union and half research group, which was set up. The audience seemed at first in some doubt as to what it thought and wanted, listening a little uneasily to one or two conventional Communist speeches. It was more sympathetic when a representative of the Committee against Malnutrition asked for the co-operation of architects in investigating the actual conditions in working-class houses, and with speakers who pointed out the immediate relation between housing problems and the conditions of employment of architects. But the greatest enthusiasm was undoubtedly aroused by those who complained of the impossibility of being genuine architects, of designing decent streets and towns and buildings, under a system of competitive capitalism. Whether the support of "technicians" and scientists is to be given to Socialism or to reaction seems now to depend to a very large extent on the ability of Socialist propaganda to appeal to this "interest" of the middle classes—their interest in doing their work efficiently, and exploiting all the resources of scientific techniques.

* * *

If I may add to my list of dictatorship anecdotes I like the joke about the continuous talk of Communist self-criticism in Russia. It is said that Voroshilov heard the sound of a terrific scolding from the room next to his—which was Stalin's. Someone was being called a "counter-revolutionary," a "filthy bourgeois," a "Trotskyite deviationist," etc. Someone clearly was to be shot at dawn. Unable to restrain himself, Voroshilov entered the room and found to his astonishment nobody present but Stalin. In answer to his query, Stalin explained that nobody else criticised him, so that he sometimes found it necessary himself to indulge in a little Communist self-criticism.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. F. N. James.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

A vicar, in the Infantry, 1914–19, longs to regain the spirit of the trenches by building a Church Hall in a suburb.—*Times.*

A new invention for rendering ships unsinkable was tested on the Seine this morning. The invention is being kept a closely guarded secret, but it is known that it can be carried in a handbag and weighs under 50 lb.—*News Chronicle.*

A national "Back to Genesis" campaign headed by scientists, business men and clergymen of every denomination will be opened next week.—*Daily Mirror.*

If there is a political prisoner anywhere in the Empire, he ought not only to be released but to be exhibited at some "Jubilee" exhibition.—Leader in *Birmingham Post.*

Havergal Brian uses large "canvases," and is a brilliant orchestrator. Bach, Berlioz and Wagner were all self-taught. These composers had no "New Musical Educator" to help them. You HAVE.—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph.*

What a gift for our dear King in his Jubilee year would be the return to our country of a real Conservative Government with a strong leader.—*Saturday Review.*

Sir Archibald Boyd-Carpenter refused to believe with Mr. Baldwin that Indians preferred the guidance of their own countrymen to that of the best of the British race. An appeal to all parties in the House was followed by a word picture of the "silent masses, to millions of whom Queen Victoria is not dead," whose supplication was, "Give us the British Raj."—*Times.*

Even little Portugal is setting an example in national unity and purposeful effort to our Government. . . . If we were Portuguese we should not allow the shifty and shifting politics of Westminster to divert the attention of the people from paramount national needs.—Viscount Rothermere in the *Sunday Dispatch.*

He (Randolph Churchill) completely confounded his Socialist critics when he asked them how they would feel if they were members of a so-called "National" Government led by Lord Lloyd.—Wavertree correspondent of the *Daily Mail.*

You all know that the Socialist Party are purely predatory.—Dean Inge reported in the *Times.*

The greatest educational discovery of the century: giraffe-neck women from Burma.—Advertisement.

STERILITY CORRECTED

WHEN the pollen grains of any flowering plant, either blown by wind or carried by insects, come to rest on the sticky surface of the stygma, they soon begin to send out minute, delicately thrusting tubes, which find their way down the central cavity of the style, and at the base enter the matured ovules. The male generative nuclei pass down these tubes, enter the embryo-sacs and come into close contact with the ova and polar nuclei, thus effecting fertilisation. This is the normal procedure. The elongating pollen tubes do not meet usually with any difficulties in their passage down the style, even though the style may be of considerable length.

There are some flowers, however, in which the material of which the stygma is made is of such a texture as not to allow the pollen tubes to penetrate easily into the central cavities and thence to the ovules. In such cases, fertilisation by pollination without the aid of some correcting or auxiliary factor is not possible. The Yucca, of which several varieties are indigenous to both North and South America, is such a plant, and offers an interesting example of symbiotic relationship between itself and a small moth, by means of which the sterile condition is corrected.

The inflorescence of the Yucca is a loosely branching spray of bell-like flowers; they are pale, pearly white, and, like the evening primrose, open at night and for one night only. These flowers are seldom capable of self-fertilisation, for the anthers are considerably shorter than the style, thus not allowing the pollen to approach to the stigma, and even should the pollen fall upon the stigma, fertilisation seldom follows unless the pollen is pressed far down into the central cavity between the three-fold division of the stigma.

Attendant upon these flowers is a small night-flying moth of the genus Pronuba. The species of Pronuba vary with different species of Yucca, but the relation is always similar. Pronuba measures barely an inch across the upper wings which are a shining white, the lower wings are grey. When the insect is in flight it has a glimmering appearance, similar to that of our English ghost-swifts. It is peculiar in having the first joint of its maxillary palps elongated to an extra-

ordinary extent and curved in a proboscis-like manner into a long tentacle. The inner surface of this is provided with stiff bristles. These tentacles, which can be coiled and uncoiled, are used for collecting pollen from the anthers of the Yucca flowers. The pollen is worked into a ball, which is sometimes three times as large as the insect's head, and is carried under the head, and looks like an enormous crop. The female moth alone collects the pollen, and only at such times as she is about to lay her eggs.

As soon as the female moth has collected a sufficiently large ball of pollen, she will select a freshly opened flower, and is careful to avoid flowers which have been open for some hours or have been pierced by other moths. She will then pierce the side of the style (which is the immature fruit) with the horny ovipositor with which she is provided. An egg is laid inside the style at the base of the ovules which there lie in rows side by side. As soon as the moth has laid her egg, she scuttles up to the top of the pistil and begins to stuff pollen from her ball into the cavity between the stigmas. When she has done this to her satisfaction, and she does it with considerable care and precision, she will either run down the style again and deposit another egg, or will fly off to another flower. In every case, as soon as she has laid her egg she will hurry to the top of the pistil and cram pollen down into the tube.

The result of this remarkable behaviour is that the developing pollen tubes can now find their way down to the ovules, and that fertilisation can take place. The ovules, with the exception of those which are placed in the immediate proximity of the eggs, develop into seeds. If those which are near the eggs were to grow and swell, the eggs would probably be crushed. After an interval of several days larvae emerge, and begin to feed on the growing seeds. They do not eat a great many, never more than a dozen in the course of their development, and since a large number of seeds are produced in each pod, sufficient are left for the autumnal distribution of seeds and reproduction of the plants.

The above are the facts of the relationship, which have been most carefully observed and recorded by Professor C. V. Riley and confirmed by Professor William Trelease. If it were not for the strange behaviour of the moth, and the no less strange modifications of its palps, which allow of the collecting of the ball of pollen, it would only be possible in rare and exceptional cases for the Yucca plant to set its seed. If it were not for the existence of the Yucca plant, the moth Pronuba would not be able to live, for it is only on the seeds of the Yucca that the young larvae can feed. The two species, plant and moth, are mutually helpful to each other. The moth has developed the obliging habit of collecting pollen and stuffing it down the stigma tube of the Yucca flower. The Yucca has developed the habit of producing a sufficient number of seeds to satisfy the needs of the moth, and leaving enough over for its own purposes. I have used the word *developed*, but is it possible to imagine the external circumstance which would prompt the moth to so strange a method of behaviour, or that would stimulate the development of so peculiar an organ as the tentacle on the maxillary palp? Are we not making a big assumption that the close-fitting pattern of fate which is presented by the moth and the plant is due either to environmental influences or to yet stranger and less accountable fortuitous mutations?

Is it not more honest to admit that our human reason, which is so much in love with a supposed relation between cause and effect, is staggered by the facts of this relationship?

Let us look at further facts which elaborate the surprising pattern. The Yucca does not flower every year. Not only do individual plants take periods of rest between their years of inflorescence, but it often happens that many of the Yucca plants in a locality will flower in certain years, and will miss other years. There are years when no Yucca plants are flowering in localities which cover a large area. What happens in those years to the pronuba moths, which on emergence from the pupal state must mate and lay their eggs, before they perish? There are no flowers with ripening ovules. The moths must die before the autumn, and with them, not only their generation, but the whole species, since they will leave no descendants. After such a period there will surely be no pronuba moths, and no seed will be set in the Yucca flowers which at some later year will blossom. If the moths emerged from the pupae and found no flowers, no doubt they and their eggs would perish, but on the years when the Yucca withhold their flowers, the pronuba remain dormant in the chrysalis, and wait the time till the Yucca shall bloom. On the years when the Yucca blooms, the pronuba is there ready to roll her balls of pollen.

"That is easy enough to explain," you may answer. "The same climatic conditions which determine the flowering of the Yucca may determine the emergence of the moths. But does that really explain the mystery? Is it not wiser to abandon all theories in the face of such strange facts, and admit only what is obvious, that there is a vital relationship between the plant and the moth, whose intricate pattern we can observe, but whose origins still remain lost to us, and scarcely as yet guessed at?

GRANT WATSON

VALEDICTION

WHEN it was first announced that Clifford Sharp was to be editor of a forthcoming weekly paper, to be called the *New Statesman*, those who did not yet know him mostly took it for granted that he would be editor only in name, and that the Webbs would be the real editors. One did not need to meet Sharp many times, however, in order to realise that he was not a man born to play the part of a mechanical subordinate or an echo, even if the Webbs had wished him to do so. And the Webbs did not wish him to do so. Having chosen their man, they made it clear that it was he who was in control of the paper and that, in case of a difference of opinion, his was to be the deciding voice. More than once, after a lively argument on a point of policy during one of the editorial lunches at the Webbs' house in Grosvenor Road, I have heard Mr. Webb end the discussion with a smiling: "Well, Sharp, you're the editor, and you must decide."

Sharp, indeed, was a dominating figure in any serious argument. Tall and strong-shouldered, he had been a boxer in his student days, and he remained pugnacious during his life, enjoying the fight of words. Many people thought him aggressive, but, if he was, he was also peculiarly reasonable, and would readily accept his opponent's point of view when he saw that it was really more reasonable than his own. This does not mean that he was a weathercock in his opinions, but that he had no vain prejudice in favour of his own opinions, and that he was quick to seize on any new facts that suggested the need of modifying them. I remember going to see him with another visitor on the day of the first executions after the Dublin rising of 1916. The visitor said: "This is terrible news." Sharp looked up in surprise. He asked abruptly what could rebel leaders expect except to be executed. The visitor, trying a new line of argument, pointed out the folly of the executions and foretold the consequences much as they have since happened. Sharp continued to argue, but, after thinking the matter over, he evidently decided that the visitor was right, for he denounced the executions in the next issue of the paper.

His attitude to the executions revealed the deep temperamental gulf that separated him and H. W. Massingham, then editor of the *Nation*. Massingham recoiled from the executions through his instinctive hatred of bloodshed: Sharp was turned against them by his instinctive contempt for folly and stupidity. There was nothing that he was less moved by than what is called humanitarianism. He would support humane causes, but not on humanitarian principles. He was impatient of Galsworthy's method of defending the "rights" of animals, and could never be quite fair to him. His early hostility to Liberalism in politics was due partly to his feeling that too many Liberals were woolly sentimentalists. He objected,

indeed, to the whole " rights of man " way of approaching the problems of politics, and maintained that there was no justification for assuming that human beings possessed any natural rights, except, perhaps, the right of equality.

This seemingly hard attitude of Sharp's was infinitely valuable for the purpose of furthering the principles for which he stood. There were already plenty of good writers appealing to the emotions—or to the mingled emotions and intelligence—on behalf of good causes. Sharp directed his attack as far as possible entirely to the intelligence. He addressed himself, not to a world of idealists, but to a world of men of mixed motives who might be influenced, not by being shown that a cause was noble so much as by being persuaded that it was the most reasonable cause to support. Thus, during a strike—however deeply his heart was touched—he would always draw his arguments on behalf of the strikers from his head rather than from his heart. On the eve of the General Strike, a very " red " Socialist met him, and believing him to be a reactionary, asked him challengingly what the *New Statesman* would have to say about the General Strike. Sharp replied: " My dear man, you will find the policy of the *New Statesman* on all strikes in an article in one of the early numbers. The article was called, ' The Men Are Always Right.' " By this he did not mean that he had any passionate enthusiasm for the proletariat. He meant simply that, if immense bodies of men and women throw up their livelihood and risk starvation for their families, it stands to reason that they must have real grievances that should be remedied.

At the same time, anyone who thought of Sharp as merely a hard, reasonable political journalist would be widely and wildly off the mark. What gave power to his writing was the profoundly emotional nature that underlay it, even when he suppressed it effectively. He was high-strung, excitable and enthusiastic, and I sometimes told him that, if he became a convert to religion, he would be a fanatic. He replied that in his youth he had nearly had this experience and that once, at a Revivalist meeting, addressed by that great evangelist, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, he had had the greatest difficulty in holding on to his seat and in not rising up and testifying. You had only to talk to him about books in order to discover the wild enthusiasm that was in his blood. When he read *The Brook Kerith* and *The Idiot* for the first time, he talked of them almost like a man who had had a divine revelation. His enthusiasm for his friends and his colleagues was equally extreme. His colleagues sometimes thought that he was reticent in praise and brusque over their masterpieces, but how he praised them behind their backs—occasionally, perhaps, damned them and praised them by turns—but how he praised them! He was not above enjoying a compliment on his own work, but it seemed to me that he took still more pride in a compliment paid to one of his contributors.

His enthusiasm was apparent again in his devotion to Lord and Lady Oxford. Lord Oxford, though a Liberal, was to Sharp almost the ideal statesman. If there were two things that Sharp worshipped above all others in public life, they were sanity and disinterestedness, and he loved Lord Oxford as the incarnation of both these qualities. He loathed doctrinaires as heartily as Burke, and held that what might be described either as the higher opportunism or as disinterested pragmatism was the only sane principle to follow in the government of mankind.

Sharp himself was an exceptionally disinterested man. I have never known another man of so powerful a personality who was so lacking in ambition. I always felt sure that if he had had political ambitions, he would have become at least a Cabinet Minister and that, if he had been ambitious of success in the law, he would have become a great barrister. He had an imperfect delivery as a speaker, but his clear perception of the facts of a case, his vigorous English sentences, and the confidence of his attack would have made up for this. He realised his powers, but he always declared that he could not want anything enough to go to the trouble of trying to get it. He did not even very much want to be an editor and help to mould the political life of his country. In paradoxical moods he would often declare that he wasn't really interested in politics, and that, if he had private means, he would never look at a newspaper to see what was happening.

This, of course, was incredible to anyone who knew him. He had a passion for conversation, and his conversation was as eager about politics as about people, ethics, lawn tennis, bridge, food, wine, medicine, or any other subject. It was not mere will-power but instinctive interest that made him, after assuming the editorship of the *New Statesman*, so determined to master the underlying facts of the changing political situation. As an editor, he was as conscientious as he was brilliant. Far from being a natural journalist, he was a slow and painstaking writer, careful about his facts (though sometimes rash), and equally careful about the English in which they were to be clothed. He hated slovenliness in phrase as he hated slovenliness in thought. As a writer he was conspicuously courageous, being indifferent to personal popularity. As an editor he was, to my mind, a man of genius, a great captain of his team, till his health was undermined.

When I last saw him, he was taking home Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's last book with its generous dedicatory tribute to him. During his life he and his friends were rarely outspoken in their sentiments towards each other, but those who were closest to him will always remember him as a man who was generous as a colleague, and who, as a friend, for all his reticence, gave and craved for the deepest affection.

Y. Y.

CLIFFORD SHARP

I KNEW Clifford Sharp for twenty-five years or more. Eleven of them, from 1919 to 1929, were a period of unbroken collaboration on the *New Statesman*. Of that collaboration (harmonious despite many differences of opinion between us), he himself wrote in an admirable article in these columns last April. My task is to add a footnote, as it were, to his article, and to Y. Y.'s in this issue, appraising from an inside point of view Sharp's qualities as a journalist and an editor.

Sharp was a first-rate journalist. His writing at its best, before his health broke up, was a model of clarity and incisiveness. He was conversant with many subjects, though he was not an expert in or possessed of profound knowledge on any. But he was quick to appreciate knowledge in others, and he had a *flair* for choosing his contributors. When he had got them, and proved them, he generally trusted them and often let them say (he let me say at least) many things with which he did not himself agree. He had little imagination, but a lot of common sense. He hated pretentiousness and humbug and was ruthless—sometimes much too ruthless—in his treatment of what he considered nonsense. (I have seen him reject many good articles and consign myriads of quite decent letters from correspondents to the waste-paper basket.) He was capable, like most of us, of humbugging himself on certain points, and his dogmatic defence of his prejudices was often irritating.

His politics were a puzzle to those who did not know him and even to some who did. The truth is that he was fundamentally a British Tory. In his early Fabian days, and under the constant inspiration of the Webbs, he was a genuine, if not an ardent, Socialist. Later he came under Liberal influences, and especially that of Asquith, for whom he had an unstinted admiration. But he was certainly nowhere near being a Liberal in any party sense; he abhorred all the Liberal shibboleths. He was critical of the Labour Party on what he regarded as its Utopian side, but he respected some of its leaders, particularly " Uncle Arthur," and he clung with a curious tenacity to his faith in the Trade Union movement. The attitude of the *New Statesman* during the General Strike was a remarkable proof of this. In his last years, after he had left the paper, he moved more to the Right, and even developed

a liking for dictators (abroad, at least, though not at home—for Sir Oswald Mosley he had nothing but contempt). But he was never a party man, and the independence of the *New Statesman* was one of the things on which he was adamant. He was, in general, tolerant and reasonable in his judgment of men and affairs, though he had a peculiar gallery of *bêtes noires*, prominent among which were Bonar Law, Poincaré, Ramsay MacDonald, Prohibition, battleships, and self government for India. On any of these themes he would write with vitriol in his pen.

As an editor, Sharp possessed in an extraordinary degree, as Mr. Desmond MacCarthy has said, "two remarkable qualities: Creativeness (the power of blending a whole paper into a publication of homogeneous character) and Decision. He never waited for the cat to jump, but sprang to conclusions." I am bound to add that the spring occasionally landed us in a mess! But, in general, his quickness and boldness were justified, and they gave confidence to his colleagues. Mr. MacCarthy has also spoken of Sharp's devotion to the interests of his paper. About this there could be no question. He lived for the paper. He was intensely proud of it and jealous for its reputation, and he expected everyone connected with it to feel as he did. Few failed him in this respect, and those few soon departed. That is another testimony to his ability as an editor.

C. M. LLOYD

Correspondence

WAR AND CAPITALISM

SIR,—You have started a very live hare—or rather two hares—in the discussion on war and capitalism, and I am sure that we shall see them go hopping off most lively in opposite directions. Brailsford has already gone off on the back of one, and next week I suppose we shall see the nimble Angell nip away on the other. But since they both wish to get to the same destination, would it not be wiser to pause for a second and consider whether they won't have a better chance of getting there by putting the two hares into double harness?

Brailsford says rightly that the difficulty is to ask the right question, and he suggests: "What do you gain economically from the armed state, from military power?" But the real question which divided Brailsford from Angell is much farther back than that, and the difference between them comes, I suggest, because each answers it too sweepingly. "Where are the causes of war?" is the right question. Angell says: "In people's heads"; Brailsford says: "In the economic structure of society." Both are right, but both are wrong when they implicitly deny or ignore the causes which the other is insisting on.

Brailsford in his letter has shown Angell to be wrong, by insisting—I think, rightly—on the enormous effect of the economic structure of present-day society upon the policy of imperialist and protectionist states. It creates a situation in which states drift or are forced into war and it puts into the heads of individuals and classes ideas regarding their economic interests which almost inevitably result in war, if those individuals and classes have—and they do have—a major say in determining policy. Angell's thesis does not apply, I agree, to this actual world of armed, protectionist, capitalist, imperialist states; it applies only to an ideal world of reasonable, free trade, mild-mannered capitalists. The Socialist analysis is indeed irrefutable if it is put in its right form, i.e., that the existing protectionist, imperialist structure of capitalist society must almost inevitably sooner or later produce war, whatever may be in the heads of the masses of the population.

But that, of course, is not exactly what Brailsford says. Just as Angell ignores the truth in Brailsford's thesis, so Brailsford ignores the truth in Angell's thesis. The causes of war are much too complex and multifarious to be covered exclusively either by economics or by psychology. I claim to be a Socialist, but I have never understood how the extreme Marxist or even the non-extreme Marxist who claims to be orthodox can believe that the world is as simple as he tells us it is. The millions who fought in the last war on Brailsford's theory (and mine and Marx's) were fighting for everything which was contrary to their own economic interests. They fought—and will fight again—because they had in their heads the delusions which Angell has given up his life to exposing. It seems to me fantastic to say that those delusions—which have nothing to do with economics and which aim at things contrary to the economic interests of the masses who cherish them—are part of "the economic structure of capitalist society." Many of them are, in fact, compatible with a Socialist structure of society. If they did not exist, the governing classes in a capitalist society would certainly find it much more difficult to obtain the support of the masses for war or for the policies which end in war. For a Socialist to refuse to admit and to combat these non-economic causes seems to me blind and absolutely disastrous both to peace and Socialism.

LEONARD WOOLF

REPRESSION IN INDIA

SIR,—I have hesitated before deciding to continue this correspondence, as it seems to be taking rather an unfair advantage of Mr. Andrews to do so whilst he is abroad; but I have come to the conclusion that it is not fair to your readers to leave his last remarks unanswered.

First some facts. There are at present under 1,500 terrorists under preventive detention. This does not bring about the starvation of their families, as the Government give the latter adequate and frequently generous allowances if they have been previously dependent wholly or in part upon the earnings of the détenu. Nor is Mr. Andrews right in referring to the détenus as being "prevented by a lawless ordinance from having any open trial in an open Court of Law." On March 11th, 1934, the Bengal Criminal Law Amendment Act, under which detentions take place, was placed upon the Statute Book by the Bengal Legislative Council by sixty-one votes to sixteen.

Let me assure your readers that everybody in Bengal is aware of and deeply deplores the tragic waste of all the qualities of youth which is inseparable from internment. I am sure, however, that they will agree that to accuse the Bengal Government of ruthlessness and cruelty is exceedingly unjust. Mr. Andrews consistently ignores the reasons which render necessary a system of preventive detention. He has seen one side of the picture: I have seen the other, and I have taken the trouble to verify my facts and figures. I leave your readers to judge which of us has the greater sense of reality.

Let me make one further point. I can assure your readers that there is not a single servant or member of the Government of Bengal who has to deal with these matters who is inspired in the slightest degree with the spirit of vindictiveness or cruelty. On all sides I found a full realisation of the tragic nature of the Terrorist Movement, and a genuine pity for those young men and young women who have been deluded into taking part in a campaign of brutal outrage and murder. If anything can be laid to the charge of the Bengal Government, it is that they have been too clement, and have risked the lives of their servants (often with fatal consequences) by being too prone to release suspects.

Terrorism must be stopped, but "que messieurs les assassins commencent."

GODFREY NICHOLSON

House of Commons.

SIR,—The sad case of Mr. Godfrey Nicholson, M.P., illustrates what happens when a man goes to India, hands himself over to the British officials, and then comes back and attempts to give the lie to a man of the character and experience of Mr. Andrews.

It is not a fact, as Mr. Nicholson asserts, that "every détenu is a détenu because he has been directly concerned with an actual or attempted murderous outrage." Anyone who writes that palpable nonsense about the situation, especially after being so closely in contact with officials, should be written down at once as an ignoramus. In India anybody "directly concerned" in such actual or attempted outrages is put on trial—not under detention. It is precisely the case of the Governments of India and Bengal that there is no evidence, only suspicion, against the détenus, that justifies the maintenance of the system. Not once, but twenty times, in the Legislative Assembly and the Bengal Council, men like Sir Harry Haig and other official members have plainly admitted that the détenus are persons against whom no evidence is available to warrant a trial. They have added that it is not intended to bring them to trial, but that they cannot be released. The Governor of Bengal, Sir John Anderson, confirmed this again a few days ago. Some of the détenus have been in concentration camps for six years.

As to the treatment of the détenus I can quite imagine Mr. Nicholson's difficulty in understanding the agitation for their release in face of what he suggests is the life of luxury they lead. He accepts that official description of their condition. Would he like the published and undenied facts relative to the case of one of them who got six months' rigorous imprisonment for a breach of détenu regulations in that, according to the police charge sheet, "he corrected the pronunciation of a scholar of the Middle English school"?

When Sir John Simon was dealing in Parliament with the arrest of British engineers in Moscow he declared that he knew of no legal system which permitted the arrest of persons and their detention without charge or trial. Apparently he made no inquiries as head of the Statutory Commission in India into the extraordinary legal systems current in India. Mr. Nicholson seemingly shares his ignorance, but that is no solid reason why he should suggest that Mr. Andrews is a sentimental fool or humbug.

In case he is disposed to put me in the same category, allow me to say definitely that British law and justice as we understand them in England do not obtain in India, and to their credit the British officials there do not pretend that they do. Third degree methods, actual physical torture, and other horrors, as well as indefinite incarceration without charge or trial exist there. All these things may be necessary and may be justified. Denial that they do exist is hypocritical pretence. LEONARD W. MATTERS

69 Fleet Street.

"LOVE ON THE DOLE"

SIR,—What on earth is the matter with Mr. Sean O'Casey, and why, Sir, do you accept such trash from him as you printed last week?

A timid and apologetic note from "Critic" on page 166 of the same issue suggests that Mr. O'Casey might have had the courtesy, or have taken the trouble, to go and see the play which he so roundly condemns before having the effrontery to denounce it in such extravagant, ill-considered and offensive terms. I should have thought so too, but much more vehemently. But no, Mr. O'Casey's Irish temperament has run away with him, and he damns the thing outright, though he has neither seen it, nor troubled to read Mr. Walter Greenwood's most admirable novel, *Love on the Dole*, on which he and Mr. Ronald Gow have based the play of the same title. G. WREN HOWARD

Lower Wyldes,

3 Hampstead Way, N.W.11.

[Mr. Sean O'Casey is entitled to express his own views about a book sent him for review. His opinions, based on a reading of the book differed from those of "Critic," who formed a very different impression of the play which he expressed in a notice which was not, in our view, either timid or apologetic. *Love on the Dole* was an admirable novel, favourably reviewed in this paper and elsewhere. The play, excellently acted, will, we hope, prove a great success. People should go to the play themselves to judge who was right—"Critic," after seeing the play, or Sean O'Casey, before seeing it.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I am moved to protest, as I have no doubt a great many people who saw the play will be, whether they write to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION about it or not, by the abominable unfairness of Sean O'Casey's attack on Walter Greenwood's play, *Love on the Dole*. Can it be that Sean O'Casey is jealous because several critics likened the play to *Juno and the Paycock*? Perish the thought. (Isn't there room for all at the top of the tree—or the ladder, or whatever it is?)

Sean O'Casey says that there isn't a character in the play worth a curse. Can it be that after all, along with a character in one of Aldous Huxley's novels, the author of *Juno and the Paycock* believes the proletariat to be worthless—"dam" the poor, drat the poor, blast the working class! It is up to Sean O'Casey to state *why* he thinks none of the characters in the play worth a curse? If he dismisses them as worthless he dismisses the great masses. He declares that there isn't a thought in the play worth remembering. I suggest to him that at the very beginning of the play there is a thought worth remembering, and it is this: "Unemployment and pauperdom, that is the legacy of the Industrial Revolution. That is the price we pay for the system. And that is the price you'll go on paying till you waken up to the fact that the remedy's in your own hands."

The sum total of all the thought in the play forms a complete statement of the case for Revolution—the overthrow of the system responsible for such lives as those shown in the play. It is an (implicit) indictment of the existing social system, as is Galsworthy's *Silver Box*. It is as much "an outcry against the world's woes" as Ernst Toller's *Masses and Man*.

Oh, to hell with "the artist" as "above the kings and princes of this world," and "above the Labour Leaders and the Proletariat, too." Art doesn't fill the empty belly, or pay the rent, or mend the kids' boots. Let Sean O'Casey go spouting that stuff on Clydeside or Tyneside or in South Wales—and get a kick in the pants from the proletariat he considers not worth his artistic (*sic*) curse. Since when was art—worthy of the name—self-conscious, anyhow? ETHEL MANNIN

Oak Cottage, Burghley Road, S.W.19.

PEPPER

SIR,—A protest. It is the policy of the Government, repeatedly avowed, to bring about a large rise in wholesale prices. For this we abandoned the gold standard. For this the exchanges have been manipulated, the money market rigged and the capital market controlled. On this our Bank Chairmen insist when annually they bring down the tables from Sinai, and for this our Central Bank Governor, were he articulate, would plead.

Inspired by this lead from on high, a gallant band of adventurers recently worked up the price of pepper from 8½*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* a lb. A rise of 80 per cent. *O! si sic omnes.* Surely this merited some slight recognition in the Jubilee Honours List: "For distinguished service to the wholesale price index." But the heroes of this venture are now held up to opprobrium and have been basely deserted by the very monetary authorities whose purpose they were fulfilling.

To any victim of this gross betrayal I would proffer the following consolation and advice. Quit these ungrateful shores! Across the ocean lies a great land where the price-lifter rises in esteem *pari passu* with the index. The arms of the brain trust wait to enfold you. Go West, O Spice King. Atishoo et Vale.

London, N.2. G. L. SCHWARTZ

THE CENSORSHIP OF FILMS

SIR,—Mr. Ronald Kidd is mistaken in thinking that the deputation on Films received by the Prime Minister and two Secretaries of State "pressed for more stringent censorship of films," with the implication that this more stringent censorship would be "a State Censorship." What the Deputation submitted was the need for an impartial Government inquiry into the working of the present censorship *in all its bearings*—a very different matter. The Deputation did not submit any recommendation as to what might or ought to emerge from such an impartial inquiry.

National Cinema Inquiry Committee. CHARLES GRANT ROBERTSON

CENSORSHIP IN AUSTRALIA

SIR,—You will be interested to hear that a ban has been placed by the Customs Department in Australia on *Fascism and Social Revolution* by R. Palme Dutt. This adds one more to the long list of books which circulate freely in this country, but are excluded from Australia by means of the Customs Department.

We understand that an organisation has been formed in Australia called the Book Censorship Abolition League, 169 Exhibition Street, Melbourne, C.1. The immediate objective is right of entry into Australia without censorship of all books at present published and circulating freely in Great Britain. J. PARSONS

33 Great James Street, W.C.1.

GOOD FORM AND GOOD VALUE

SIR,—"The American Consumer Rebels," writes Mr. W. T. Baxter in your current issue, and expresses the hope that the British consumer may soon come to rebel too. But why should we British consumers wish to rebel? We are well satisfied. We know what is what.

Thanks to a fine tradition of advertising there is, for most of us, only one brand of baked beans, of rubberless raincoats, of mustard, of lavender water and of camel-hair dressing-gowns. From the time of Millais up to the exploitation of B.O. there was only one brand of toilet soap. There is still only one brand of soap-flakes; in spite of all the microphotographic proofs the

British Consumers' Research might produce to reassure us, deep in our hearts we should always be nagged by the fear that any other brand might shrink our woollens and make our dainty undies go all stringy, so that we became too sensitive about them even to play a game of charades among friends.

It does not matter that the basic recipe for most skin-freshening liquids is witch-hazel plus a smell, prettily bottled. Everybody knows there is a world of difference between a flask of complexion milk bearing the imprint of a beauty establishment in W.1 and a tenpenny bottle of witch-hazel from the local Co-op. What matters is the name, so long as it is sufficiently well-considered to be recognised by the sort of people who, like us, know what is what.

We do not really want to know what is good value. What we want to know is what is good form and the advertisements in the right papers will always tell us that. P. Y. BETTS

77 Magdalen Road,
Wandsworth Common, S.W.18.

AUTOMATIC BEER

SIR,—The police frequently prosecute the proprietors of night clubs for selling drink after permitted hours. Surely it is not beyond the ingenuity of some inventor to make a machine that will serve drinks, when money is inserted into a slot, and which would be as legal as a cigarette machine.

Such a machine would surely make many people happy; the police, because they could devote more energy to the study of serious crime, the night club proprietors, because they would enrol more members, employees in the wine and beer trades, because those trades would flourish, and members of the public, because they could have a drink, when thirsty, *at any hour of the day or night*.

But these considerations would, no doubt, be swept aside by the unanimous howl of execration and baffled rage that would come from that noisy minority, the Anti-Everything Brigade, at seeing its unceasing efforts to establish a state of universal repression thus foiled. RALPH LEFTWICH

6 Westbourne Terrace North, W.2.

Miscellany

PROLETARIAN MUSIC

Is there such a thing as proletarian as opposed to bourgeois music? This is a question that troubles many earnest minds at the present moment, and it may be useful to consider it critically. In the first place, it is necessary to say that the best musicians I know do not believe that nationality in music is of anything but secondary and non-essential importance. It may be laid down as an axiom that music has no frontiers, for we have the evidence of hundreds of years to prove that the appreciation and enjoyment of a composer's music is not confined to his own country. Nor is there an impassable gulf even between Oriental and Occidental music since there are many Japanese, Hindoos, Chinese to be found enjoying Western music in our European and American concert halls, whilst I and many other Europeans have enjoyed Oriental music. The question whether we all get the same out of any piece of music may be disregarded; firstly, because it is impossible to estimate, and secondly, because, as we know, this degree of appreciation varies enormously even in people of the same race and tradition. And I think we should get the same testimony from art-critics. Chinese painting and sculpture—to take one example—is as deeply valued a source of artistic experience in England, Germany and France as it is in China or Japan; while speaking for myself I can truthfully say that I have been as deeply affected by some Chinese painting and sculpture as by the works of the greatest European masters.

We may sum up all this evidence in this generalisation that what mankind has in common (Black, Yellow and White) far exceeds the differences between them, which are relatively skin-deep; that all these races can inter-breed is an additional and final proof of this—as we may term it—fact. Nevertheless, the minor differences may have significance and importance because from them may spring future developments which will affect and even transform everybody on earth. This possibility, however, does not at all affect the main argument that music has no national frontiers and that no one nation has had a monopoly of music or of great composers of music. We are forced, therefore, to conclude that music and musical genius does not have its origin in race but in something much more fundamental. Now if the source of music is neither race nor cultural tradition, it ought to be obvious that its source cannot be found in what is only a part of race and cultural tradition, namely, an economic or a religious phase. In other words, the source of music cannot be in Feudalism, Capitalism, Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, or in Judaism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Christianity, Agnosticism or Atheism. When we listen to a sonata can we tell from the music whether the composer is a Communist or a Capitalist, an Agnostic or a Christian? Certainly not. We have to be told beforehand what his religion or political opinions are, as we were told the other night at the Queen's Hall when a symphony by Youri Shaporin was performed for the first time in England in a programme of Russian music under Mr. Albert Coates that Mr. Shaporin was a Soviet composer.

I have heard the music of several Soviet composers and I can only say that they differ from one another just as much as capitalist composers, but Shaporin's symphony is in rather a special category as we are told that it "reveals the transition of a Russian intellectual from individualism and tragic loneliness caused by the destruction of the past to the fervour of revolutionary struggle and a deep faith in its victory which is to bring happiness to humanity."

Of course, we must not allow this intellectually childish programme to prejudice us against the composer, for it is not exactly his own but comes from the pen of a Soviet writer, S. Chemodanov. But even if it were written by the composer himself, his music might be superior to his programme, as has happened before in the history of music. On the other hand, we cannot blame the present Russian Government for the banalities of Chemodanov any more than we can give the credit to the Tsar's government for the wise remarks of a Rosonov or a Dostoievsky. But what was my surprise on hearing Shaporin's Symphony in C minor in four movements described (1) *Fact*, (2) *Dance*, (3) *Lullaby*, (4) *Campaign*, to find that it might have been composed by our famous Anglo-German "great" composer Delius. I am certain that if this symphony had been brought out as a posthumous work by Delius, almost every music critic and musician in England would have accepted it as such. And my reasons are these: Firstly, there is not a bar of original music in Shaporin's symphony, which is eclectic and commonplace from beginning to end. Secondly, there is in the third movement *Lullaby* that sentimentality and formless sweetness of harmony which, though it cannot be described as an original contribution to the art of music, is the most personal utterance of Delius, as it is in this symphony, of Shaporin. Finally, because the paean of faith and rejoicing of the last movement in which the chorus *à la* Delius join has the same unconvincing, rhetorical make-believe, which is so conspicuous a feature of Delius's *Mass of Life*, preventing it in my opinion from being the great work Sir Thomas Beecham and others acclaim it to be, but having that surface plausibility essential to temporary acceptance.

To some it may be a blow to discover that a Soviet composer can be as banal and commonplace as any other, but to those shaken by this blow—not that any real political or religious fanatic is ever open to reason—I offer the consolation that just as creeds cannot create good music so they also cannot prevent its being created. Music, I maintain, comes from a deeper source than the sources of all jarring sects and parties and is more universal. People who find the beliefs of their ancestors ridiculous and even pernicious can nevertheless enjoy their music. Beethoven was not strictly a Catholic, although he wrote two Masses, which Catholics and Agnostics

can enjoy equally, but the majority of men everywhere are still under the domination of moral ideas, and therefore they become violently partisan where moral ideas are made explicit so that they can recognise them. Fortunately it is not possible to express moral ideas in music, and so mankind can always find in music what it has in common and not what separates it. Sensuality is common to all men and it is therefore amusing to find that sensuality which is the emotive basis of *Parsifal*, is enjoyed by Pagans and Christians alike. It is one of the greatest of musical jokes that *Parsifal* is so popular with English puritans as to be specially selected for performance at "sacred" concerts on Good Fridays. But the religious spirit as expressed in the life and writings of a great man like Spinoza is entirely absent from *Parsifal*, though it is present in what seems to many people a licentious opera, namely, *Don Giovanni*. The conclusion I wish to draw is merely this simple one, that the quality of a work of art cannot be discerned from the label which for non-artistic purposes has been affixed to it.

W. J. TURNER

VIVA !

THE procession had come to the top of the hill. The Virgin staggered slightly on her platform as the foremost bearers found level ground. Looking back towards the village I could see the scattered torches slowly gathered together as a rosary might be gathered into the hand.

The procession had come to the top of the hill. Even the brass band was silent now. But the *claque* had already recovered its breath. "Viva la purisima Maria!" cried the leader, and the vast response of the crowd drowned the hissing release of the rocket that cleft its swift ascent and gave the darkness a meaning. The voice of the people followed it, climbed the scale to a sob of delight, shuddered and sighed luxuriously to silence again as the firework spent its stars upon the night. Watching a torchlit group of Spanish faces I thought of the Halley's Comet rubbernecks in the Bayeux Tapestry. *Iste mirant Stella. Stella Maris*, Mary, star of the sea. And then of Leopold Bloom sharing the rocket's orgasm in the sight of his Nausicaa.

The procession still halted at the top of the hill. Another rocket, another cataract of coloured stars, another breaking wave of *vivas*. Hard hands rattled to a steady bombardment of applause as the priest, turning towards the Virgin, sketched a genuflexion expressive of the accumulated regard of his community.

The band struck up and the procession left the hill again, the Virgin hailed like a Bisley prize-winner as she rode the dark swell of shoulders. Lights leaped about the pallor of her waxen features, and her cloak stole in and out of the shadows with a fluidity of which the inexpert craftsman may have dreamed when he fashioned her.

Later in the evening there was dancing in the plaza, and as I sat on the balcony of the little casino with a sheet of notepaper and a glass of wine before me, it seemed that I must dissect the anatomy of applause. The band was playing the same tune that had conveyed the Virgin to her apotheosis. It was recognisable in this new setting as a paso doble, but when it came to a stop the same hands made the same noise on an impulse not very dissimilar from that which had bidden them salute an image and a firework. Languidly, unemotionally, sophisticated palms were doubtless at that moment trickling out their discreet plaudits in London ballrooms.

As each mazurka, rumba, tango or what it might be broke off for the bandsmen to drain their instruments and flush their throats, I listened for that curious sound which must surely have some discoverable importance. And memory threw up in succession a host of instances that ought to have repaid examination: I had sat so close to the *claque* in a Paris theatre that my evening had been ruined; I had heard the astonishing applause vouchsafed to a photograph projected upon a cinema screen; the freezing reception—beginning and ending with a deadly precision that robbed it of any hint of encouragement—accorded to a nervous lecturer by a conscripted audience of schoolboys; and the single hand-clap, revenging itself by a hideous embarrassment, of the uninstructed concert-goer who would not wait for the coda. Thus, by little and little, I was led to excavate the choicest specimen of all—the tribute paid in this same odd currency to Apollo himself when the throng of watchers on an English hillside perceived with inarticulate relief that a total eclipse was no more than a temporary phenomenon.

Iste mirant Stella. I was back again, with nothing resolved, at my point of departure. This polite eighteenth-century inquisitiveness kept strange company with the barbaric spontaneity of the scene in the plaza below, where dancers, civic guards, goats, donkeys, and gypsies with heavy brown infants at the breast gave a confused but convincing demonstration of unspeculative self-sufficiency. There is enough Moorish blood in Andalusia to keep the pulse innocent of the white man's burden of metaphysics.

At a table near to mine sat the master of mysteries with three companions. A small pile of coins was at his elbow. The festival was proceeding happily and the village priest might relax for a while with a mind untroubled. I did not recognise the game. It might have been that Spanish card-game that the lightermen were playing on the quay when Pantagruel landed at Bordeaux, the unfamiliar game which Urquhart mistranslated as "wrestling."

Not even when his church-bell began to toll did the priest look up from his cards. It was midnight and the Fiesta was nearly over, but for him it had been over some hours ago. The people stopped their dancing and streamed like ants towards the door of the church. If I followed them I should witness the final act of faith that would make all things plain.

Into the candle-lit grotto of smooth stone and tortured wood the Virgin of Válor had gathered her people. But not her ministrants: the ceremony, whatever it was, was not to be hieratic. Through another door marched the band, still playing the favourite paso doble. It took up its position in front of the altar-rails, and blared and brayed the infectious tune as though to enchant the feet of the stucco cherubim overhead. And when it was done the *vivas* broke out afresh.

But the heavenly powers had had their just meed of acclamations. More temporal objects were now to be recognised. "Viva Válor! Viva la Fiesta! Viva el Alcalde! Viva! Viva!"

"Viva la musica!" cried one. And with a roar that trembled in the farthest recesses of intricate baroque and threatened the votive flames of fifty tapers, Fiesta was over.

FRANCIS WATSON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Draw the Fires" at Manchester

Mr. Ernst Toller produced at the Manchester Repertory Theatre on Monday his play *Draw the Fires*, a picture of the growth of disaffection in the German Navy in the later years of the war, culminating in the revolt at Kiel in November, 1918. Its central incident is the execution of two sailors, Reichspietch and Köbis, after a mutiny in 1917. It is a passionate and earnest play; Mr. Toller approaches his subject with no half-ashamed feeling that art should not meddle with politics; his political and social views inspire the whole of his art. His purpose is to present war as a terrible imposition by the upper class on the workers. This is his only concern with war; as he says in *I Was a German*, "The question of war-guilt pales before the guilt of capitalism." His characters, ordinary human beings pressed into war, are worried about their immediate wants, apricot jam and girls and a release from the bullying of petty officers. From ordinary wants he shows arising a spontaneous and mighty revolutionary movement; it is the synthesis by which this is achieved that gives the play its power. The author's emotional communism is presented through a rhythmic dramatic medium. Essential to his purpose is the merging, at critical points, of commonplace individuals into a dynamic mass; his decisive actions are taken in song and

rhythm. Here is the defect of the Manchester production. The lack of space for a series of mass movements on the stage is an obstacle, but not insuperable. The difficulty for hard-worked actors of changing suddenly from the style of British middle-class comedy to Mr. Toller's rhythmic drama would appear to be insuperable. Yet the production was effective, and the author's propagandist purpose was accepted readily and with some enthusiasm by an audience little given to such enthusiasms.

At 8 a.m.

There are some fine moments in the new Fabricius play at the Embassy, but they cannot compensate for a certain failure of organisation among the elements of the play. A young man accused of murdering his wife's lover awaits execution, and ten minutes before he is to be led to the rope, the evidence against him is found to be faulty, and he is released. The wife of a prison governor discovers that the man her husband is shortly to hand over to the sheriff for execution is her own son by a former lover. A prison governor, confronted for the first time with the task of carrying out an execution in cold blood recoils from it at the last moment and refuses to do his duty. Each one of these stories has its own possibilities, but planted together they cramp each other's growth. The crises have a way of dwindling as we approach them, the characters are on the point of becoming interesting when they are hastily reduced to dummies by the demands of the action. A debate on the general principles of capital punishment near the beginning of the play seems to promise a Galsworthian problem, but it never materialises—not even the bloodthirstiest defender of the present system could demand the hanging of Drummond Osborne. Yet the atmosphere of tension in the prison is admirably brought out and the humour of the prison engineer (a superlative ten-line sketch by Paul Farrell) enhances it. Marda Vanne's polished, restrained sympathy is perfect artistry for the young man's mother, who, with one mistake, could have been made intolerably unreal. Best of all is Wyndham Goldie's prison governor, compounded of a hundred skilful touches suggesting his simple soldierly honesty, his courage, his lack of imagination and his strong sensitiveness, all combining to strain his nerves as the execution hour approaches—a beautiful performance. I am in no position to say how a young aristocrat with a taste for high living behaves on the eve of his execution, but I cannot believe that Mr. Basil Bartlett's performance comes within a mile of it.

The Theatre of Movement

Miss Margaret Barr's Dance-drama Group gave a performance last Sunday at the Arts Theatre. The enthusiastic reception given to nearly all the pieces was evidence of the success gained by the performers in conveying emotion: these players do at least succeed in the first business of the theatre, the establishment of an immediate contact with the audience. They fail sometimes in their technical exposition of emotion. This is partly due to the very mixed levels of accomplishment of the performers, partly to a failure of concentration by the producer, partly to venturing into unsuitable subjects. In the Mediaeval Suite, for instance, *The Amorous Bailiff* was an excellent piece of light fooling; but the Crusader was merely silly—neither robust farce nor fierce satire. *Factory* had an astonishing poignancy, while of their older numbers, *The Three Maries*, *Hebridean* and *The Three Sisters*, retained all their effectiveness: indeed *The Three Sisters* has gained in depth and critical swiftness since I last saw it—Paula Morel's Spinster still displays supremely the positive frustration of her type, while Margaret Barr's Prostitute is more reckless, gayer and rightly less the Madam than in previous performances.

Opera at Sadler's Wells

The revival of Verdi's opera, *La Traviata*, at Sadler's Wells gives one an opportunity of renewing acquaintance with one of the most charming operas ever composed. The music of *Traviata* has a delicacy and grace which gives it a place apart in Verdi's work while it has all the spontaneity and verve characteristic of all his music. On the other hand, it is an opera that suffers more than most by translation into English. The programme does not state by whom the present version has been made, but it is not a very happy one. The words very often will not bear the weight of the music and occasionally are such as to bring the pathos of the situation very near to bathos. If one were asked to give an instance of how unimportant the understanding word by word of the libretto is to the enjoyment of an opera, Verdi's *Traviata* would make an excellent example. The music is on an entirely different plane to the words and when we hear the words transferred to our native tongue at its most banal, the discrepancy between the two becomes painful. Of the singers, Miss Joan Cross gave the best performance; she acted with a full sympathetic conception of the part of Violetta and sang with much subtlety and beauty. A new tenor, Mr. Morgan Jones, was the Alfredo; he has a good presence and a nice voice, but his acting is a little stiff. Mr. Sumner Austin gave a convincing performance of the part of Alfredo's father. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Warwick Braithwaite, but its playing might have been more flexible and brilliant than it was.

"The Dictator" at the Tivoli

The new Toeplitz production has been got up "regardless." No expense has been spared, the photography, the dresses and the scenic effects are grand and often beautiful. The plot is based on one of the most interesting episodes in the history of eighteenth-century benevolent despotism. Struensee was a Hamburg doctor who ruled over Denmark with despotic power during 1770 and 1771. His power was based on his dominance, as doctor, over the semi-imbecile King Christian VII, and his dominance as lover over his young English Queen Matilda, sister of George III. For nearly two years he used this position to pour out a stream of enlightened edicts based on the principles of the French revolutionary philosophers. He freed serfs, put down corruption, forbade funerals, except at night, removed monopolistic taxation and reformed everyone at a pace that scarcely left breath for protest. His rule was ended by a palace revolution: he confessed to being the Queen's lover and was executed. This story is, of course, ruined in the film; and instead of the final interesting and unusual love situation, we get the conventional and romanticised picture of Struensee as the perfect English gentleman. Struensee is well played by Clive Brook; Madeleine Carroll looks admirable, but has very little real acting to do as his mistress. Christian and his mother, the displaced and finally triumphant dowager regent, are both well cast.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, February 15th—
Aylmer Rose on "Fascism, Action and the Intelligentsia," Conway Hall, 7.30.

SATURDAY, February 16th—
Cortot, Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Dance and Pianoforte Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Alistair Cooke on "The Cinema and Society," Morley College, 3.

SUNDAY, February 17th—
Prof. D. H. Levy on "Thinking Straight," Conway Hall, 11.
Pro Musica String Quartet, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.

MONDAY, February 18th—
British Industries Fair, Olympia. Till March 1st.
W. A. Robson on "A Hundred Years of Public Health Administration," Royal Society of Tropical Medicine, Manson House, 26 Portland Place, 5.15.
London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Felix Weingartner, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Professor B. Malinowski on "The Future of Racial Antagonism," Conway Hall, 8.30.
"They Do These Things in France," Westminster Theatre.

TUESDAY, February 19th—
Conference on Social and Economic Planning, Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, and Mr. Geoffrey Crowther on "National Planning" (10.30); H.E. the Ambassador of the U.S.S.R. on "Russia" (2.30), London School of Economics.
Elwyn Jones on "Recent Impressions of Nazi Germany," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
G. P. Gooch on "The Outlook in Europe," Kensington Town Hall, 5.30.
Miss Vera Brittain on "The Anti-Feminist Reaction in Europe," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 6.
Dr. A. P. Aveling on "Fashions in Science," Conway Hall, 7.
Charles W. J. Tennant on "Christian Science," Morley College, 8.
"Man of Yesterday," St. Martin's Theatre.
"Hamlet," New Theatre, Oxford.

WEDNESDAY, February 20th—
Mrs. Barbara Wootton and Sir Arnold Wilson on "General and Industrial Planning in Great Britain (10.30), Sir Edward Grigg on "Agriculture" (2.30), London School of Economics.
"Youth at the Helm," Globe Theatre.

THURSDAY, February 21st—
Institute of Psycho-analysis. Course of lectures on "Can Upbringing be 'Planned'," Miss Ella M. Sharpe on "Plan or No Plan," Caxton Hall, 8.
"Stop Press," Adelphi Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ESSAYISTS have enumerated from time to time the books with which they would choose to be washed up on a desert island, one clinging to his volumes of Shakespeare, another to Bradshaw and the New Testament; but they do not tell us how they would fill a wet week-end. For the minor contingency—since few of us are likely to be Crusoes—I recommend those pieces of furniture to be found in every parlour, the reference books and household works. Failing *Who's Who* (the year does not matter) and *The Annual Register*, there is always an *Enquire Within upon Everything* or *Allinson on Health*. If you are a person who walks about without a hat, eats brown bread and salads, and takes care to drink six pints of liquid a day, you will find in Allinson a pioneer of health; if not, then you may be amused by his denunciations of tobacco and tea, which represent a new Rake's Progress. I have always found Mrs. Beaton excellent reading for a Sunday morning. In a mood of adventurous boredom one can progress through the soups, the fish, the meat, the vegetables, the game, the puddings—Homeric catalogues, some of them—until, replete and stupified, one reaches the Venetian Villa. This, the cadenza of her art, is a towering confection built of nougat and *pâte d'office*. The villa with its balcony, arched windows and trailing creepers, rises like a giant shell from a spiral pathway "strewed with fancy cakes to resemble rocks"; meringue paste paints the grass, green gum the moss and leaves; beyond a barley-sugar bridge (rustic style), there is a lake with angelica reeds and a swan of icing and Italian biscuit. Perhaps it is a scene which did not in fact very often garnish the Victorian dining-table, but its apparition here, among shopping lists and rolling pins, among jacks and joints and the ways of marshalling servants, adds a satisfying touch of fantasy to this otherwise stolid picture of nineteenth-century manners. In general, Mrs. Beaton gives us an exuberant still-life, a kitchen view of the home, which is a useful counterpart to the moral text-books and the waxed and polished interiors of the novelists. The same is true also of other volumes—manuals, guides, dictionaries, encyclopaedias—that form part of the households they describe or cater for; they have at times a real bravura depending on the richness of their subject, and anyone who has enjoyed the methods of *Ulysses* or *The Anatomy of Melancholy* can extend this pleasure, in a ruder form, to other fields. The vocabularies of certain trades and sports, for example, are as vital and surprising as good dialect. But it must be admitted that these researches end usually, as they were undertaken, in boredom.

* * *

Among household volumes the *Book of Quotations* used to come after Bunyan and Shakespeare. Nothing is more typical of nineteenth-century culture than the vogue of the quotation. It was due perhaps chiefly to the reverence for texts, but also, I think, it expressed the popular desire for a monument of opinion and guidance, as the Encyclopaedists had attempted once to raise a monument of knowledge. It did not occur to me that these books were read from beginning to end, until I came across a copy of Dalbiac's *Dictionary of Quotations* (1896), violently annotated on almost every page. I could not help envying the writer his feeling as he stabbed "gammon" or "sublime" in the margin against quotations which to me seemed equally inconspicuous. Browning he disliked; Bulwer Lytton he loathed. Against "The pen is mightier than the sword" he had written "devil take the goose!"; and against Herbert Spencer's "Survival of the fittest"—"fool's talk!" But most of his remarks expressed a gentle and profound gratitude, indicated by the single word "quote." Another book of a slightly different kind, but appealing to the same taste and aspirations, is called *Flowers of Fancy Exhibited in a Collection of Similes taken from Various Authors and Alphabetically Arranged by Henry Schultes* (1829).

> If it were possible (the author begins) to establish a criterion in literature whereby philological taste might be *regulated*. . . .

. . . hence his book. No doubt he and thousands of others would have been happier in a society which confined all literary expression to a few familiar images, and all thought to the commonplaces of a *Dictionary of Quotations*. This book, too, in the copy I read, had been annotated by a reader, who found the prim flowers rather licentious for his taste.

* * *

I have been driven into these corners by the appearance of a volume, *Stevenson's Book of Quotations* (Cassell, 30s.), which I can well believe surpasses all others of its kind. It contains 2,648 pages and more than 70,000 quotations from writers of all ages and all parts of the globe. The largest, we are told, ever published anywhere, indispensable of course in home and office, and so on, down to the clergyman and the leader-writer who will not be able to sit to their task without it. Since a book of this sort obviously cannot be read in less than five years, I pass over its utility; my own limited browsing has astonished, bored and at moments entertained me. I should have thought that there were enough commonplaces in existence already, without the need of creating more, that even the most voracious appetite, ingeniously stimulated by Stevenson, might gib at having to swallow the forty thousand or so new ones offered it here. The spectacle of the universe seen through the lenses of human sententiousness is dispiriting. Within these covers, the rat is doomed always to be leaving the sinking ship; the tiger is kittenish according to Mr. Belloc, and dangerous, because Mr. Chesterton says so; Love, in thirty-seven sections and sub-sections, is everything under the sun from a blossom (Giles Fletcher) to a fiend (Richard Barnfield); and Louis XVIII is cited on page 328 as saying "punctuality is the politeness of kings," while the same words are repeated in the next line by Samuel Smiles and attributed to Louis XIV. It is a little surprising, in an age which has abandoned texts for advertisements, to find the quotation enshrined again. Perhaps Guinness and Samuel Smiles can exist side by side in the popular mind? Yet, despite the clergyman and the leader-writer, one looks for some further assurance that *Stevenson's Book of Quotations* is not a gigantic anachronism. Under "Lindbergh" and "Prohibition," the reader will find a number of odd effigies.

> Wings and the Boy! Companions linked as one,
> Prince of the Air, Columbia's bravest son!
> Modest as brave—the glory of the deed
> Joyously sharing with his wingèd steed,
> Named for a gallant Knight, by happy chance,
> The Spirit of St. Louis, King of France.
> —Oliver Herford, *Our Boy*.

And this waxwork from the *Anti-Saloon League Statement*:

> Industry, commerce, art, literature, music, learning, entertainment, and benevolence all find their finest expression in this saloonless land.

The reader who spends too long over this book will come away with the glassy expression one has seen on the faces of visitors leaving Madame Tussauds.

* * *

Still, as a week-end book on somebody else's shelves, I can see that *Stevenson* would have its attractions. The first page which I happened to investigate contained Sir Boyle Roche's "I smell a rat, I see it forming in the air," and by referring to the index, I discovered that he was the author of another well-known saying: "Why should we put ourselves out of the way to do anything for posterity? What has posterity done for us?" I should never have recognised his vein there; and as a matter of fact this saying was already current at the time when he used it. His best parliamentarism, by the way, which occurred during a speech on Ireland, is not quoted in *Stevenson*:

> The progress of the times, Mr. Speaker, is such that little children who can neither walk nor talk may be seen running about the streets cursing their Maker!

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

My Next Bride. By KAY BOYLE. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.
Strange Journey. By MAUD CAIRNES. *Cobden Sanderson.* 7s. 6d.
The Damnation of Mr. Zinkler. By GRAHAM SUTTON. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
I Am Your Brother. By G. S. MARLOWE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
The Lord's Anointed. By RUTH MCKEE. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.
Lust for Life. By IRVING STONE. *Lane.* 8s. 6d.
One Light Burning. By R. C. HUTCHINSON. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.
Friends and Romans. By VIRGINIA FAULKNER. *Barker.* 7s. 6d.
Morning Shows the Day. By HELEN HULL. *Cobden Sanderson.* 7s. 6d.
Bull Dog Drummond at Bay. By SAPPER. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

To review some novels again after a lapse of several years might be an alarming experience. In any other branch of activity there would be new technique to master, new names to learn, new rivals to study. One would be out of date, superannuated. But that is not the way with English fiction. Naturally reviewing has seen changes. One misses Walter Pater's appreciations in the *Guardian*, and, of course, poor Churton Collins. But otherwise, they are all there, the familiar faces; the novels are the same, the writers are the same, the same lovers hold hands on the front of the cover, and the men who were boys when I was a boy endorse each other inside the jacket.

One of the difficulties of reviewing novels is that of grading them. An ambitious failure by a serious artist is obviously something quite different from an accomplished pot-boiler, yet in reviewing, the one is whole-heartedly blackened because it does not come off, the other, because it is good of its kind, praised beyond due measure. Novels should really be classified by letters, an alpha double minus then, like *Tender is the Night*, would still be a cut above a beta plus, like *The Captain Hates the Sea*; yet this is too academic a notification. Highbrow, middlebrow and lowbrow would be more suitable if all three were not terms of abuse, nor can one classify novelists as first and second growths, nor multiply the stroke of a writer by his bore.

My Next Bride emphasises the need for such a distinction. It is in a different class to the rest of these books, but right at the bottom of it. Kay Boyle is an American girl who has always moved in the inner circle of the creative expatriates in Paris. Anyone who has enjoyed that world, the world of Hemingway and *transition*, the Dome and the Deux Magots before they relapsed into provincial obscurity, anyone to whom, for instance, the Rue Servandoni means something, must look forward to a new book by her. For she is a real writer, with a sense of drama, observation, a gift for satire; one also divines occasionally a sardonic and coarse male intellect that is highly agreeable. But she has an atrocious style. In this book every other sentence is embarrassing. Her writing combines the faults of Lawrence and Miss Stein, it is overdone, intense, unconvincing, sentimental, and often downright dishonest. Looking around for the cause of this one feels it to be inherent in her attitude, which the publisher describes as "of a Christ-like charity and pity." This tearful pantheistic emotion in which a writer tries to combine St. Francis and Emily Brontë is one of the cheapest intoxications procurable and naturally ends in methylated prose. One of the defects is that all the characters, since equally pitied, are equally repugnant, and in *My Next Bride* one dislikes the heroine, a clumsy prig, her exhibitionist lover and —almost—his exquisite wife as thoroughly as the admirably drawn hypocrites and charlatans who surround them. ("My name's Antony," the lover introduces himself, "I believe in bone.") It is incidentally annoying to find allusions to 1934 and Stavisky in a novel whose "feel" is so obviously of seven years earlier—but then it is a very annoying book.

Strange Journey is the antithesis. It is an original and charming story; a very good idea is neatly worked out, and there is something fresh and delightful about this first novel. A suburban young woman establishes by accident a dual personality and finds herself constantly in the body of Lady Elisabeth Forrester, a cold, blue-blooded, unhappily married beauty. One often finds the humour of mistaken identity rather nightmarish, but nothing could be more sympathetic than Polly Wilkinson's tribulations. She tells the story in the first person in a style which is admirably unpretentious. Sometimes the gap between Mayfair and the villa on the by-pass has to be artificially widened—by making Lady Elisabeth dislike bridge and the radio as violently as does Polly shooting and hunting, but there is nothing earnest or facetious, the author's taste is unerring. Of course, the book is flagrantly sentimental, but the reader is so busy being Lady Elisabeth that he cannot mind.

The Damnation of Mr. Zinkler has a good idea, and some excellent analysis of the English and American male. But there is too much phonetic yankee, which always seems out of date, and other people's visions of judgment, whether Plato's or St. John's, are hard to swallow.

I Am Your Brother also has got something. It begins as an original study in the macabre, but vanishes into psychological bamboozling. The author is more indebted to *Ulysses* than is healthy.

The Lord's Anointed is a well-told story of the first New England missionaries in Hawaii. A readable book.

Lust for Life is a biographical novel about Van Gogh. It is a careful, well-authenticated affair, but remains a hybrid. The author is too fond of his subject to take the liberties with it which made *The Moon and Sixpence*, for instance, a living novel. This should have been a biography with illustrations instead.

One Light Burning is an earnest, mystificating novel. A typical middlebrow book, full of chaste, philosophical, quixotic Englishmen. The hero is a fellow of All Souls who fights on the N.W. Frontier and reads Marcus Aurelius on the railway platform, the Morganatic lover who tells, but doesn't kiss.

Friends and Romans is about the love affairs of an American woman pianist; it displays according to the publisher a kind of wit "described by those who approve as chromium-plated" and by those who deplore as "meretricious." To those who can't make up their minds, it is more like a cocktail that has stood half an hour in the fender.

Morning Shows the Day is a worthy American novel which "deals primarily with the likes of seven people connected at first through propinquity"—what a phrase! It is a variation of the standard novel-recipe, of the cruise-boat, grand-hotel method (eleven people of widely divergent interests and conflicting social status find themselves condemned to spend six months in Maidstone Gaol, where their efforts to adjust their etcetera provide Mr. So-and-so with an opportunity to reveal his etcetera). The type is too familiar.

Bull Dog Drummond at Bay, I am afraid, will disappoint the fans. The Drummond is getting regimented, there is too much of the Blackshirt about him. Instead of Phyllis, Irma, Algy Longworth and Ted Jerningham and his other gay friends, the debased descendants of the Restoration comedy, we find him among a seedy crowd of war-office authorities, hush-hush men and other professional people. The plot is too involved, there is not enough Bull-dog, and too much Tell England about it. It is amusing to see the Drummond distinguishing between the conventional dislike of war and the menace of pacifism. He refers to two Cambridge undergraduates.

"Have you ever seen such a pair of maggots?" "What do you expect from a bunch of crazy pacifists?" cried Gregson. "The Lord knows—I don't suppose any of us three want another war, but we don't get hysterical about it—and we know what war is, they don't."

CYRIL CONNOLLY

THE ASSYRIAN TRAGEDY

The Tragedy of the Assyrians. By LIEUT.-COL. R. S. STAFFORD. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

The author of this able and impartial book had been Administrative Inspector in Iraq for six years before the troubles of 1933 and writes with first-hand knowledge. The book quotes in its title page Gibbon's famous words describing History as "little more than a register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind." Nevertheless, it is written in the hope of correcting in the direction of charity certain current judgments which have been "unfair equally to Great Britain, to Iraq and to the Assyrians" and in this aim it largely succeeds.

The whole story is a tragedy of errors. The fierce Assyrian mountaineers lived comparatively safe under the Turks in their inaccessible Hakkiari villages until, under the influence of the Armenian massacres, they joined the Russians in May, 1915. On the Russian defeat they fled to Urmiya in Persia, and thence, after fearful sufferings, to a British post in Hamadan. The

remnants were brought to Iraq under British protection and supported as refugees; were used to repel Kurdish raids, and enlisted as special Levies, in place of Indian troops, to guard the British aerodromes. They made two unsuccessful attempts to recover by force their old homes in Hakkiari. They hoped, when the boundary between Iraq and Turkey was being fixed, that Hakkiari might be given to Iraq, but the League Commission decided otherwise. They had to stay on in Iraq under British protection, and their demands for settlement were hard to satisfy. Then came the sudden decision of Great Britain to give up her Mandate, and the Assyrians felt themselves deserted. The Levies mutinied. The young religious chief of the Assyrian community, the Mar Shimun, tried hard to maintain the unity of his people and refused to co-operate with the Iraqi Government. Many Assyrians attempted to fly to Syria, but were sent back and became involved in a small fight with Iraqi troops. The British High Commissioner, Sir Francis Humphrys, anxious not to repeat the errors which had led to the Armenian massacres in Turkey, offered the malcontent Assyrians no sympathy, and left the Iraqi Government no excuse for saying that the troubles were encouraged by British intrigue. The Protection of Minorities was not allowed to form any part of the Treaty of Iraqi independence. The representative of Great Britain took "the moral responsibility" of assuring the League of Nations that the Iraqi Government was incapable of intolerance towards Minorities. The British went. The Assyrians continued troublesome. The passion of nationalism, falling like a plague on a people not immunised to such poisons, blazed out in fury against all foreigners, especially the British, and their hangers-on, the Assyrians. The Iraqi army came to the conclusion that it was best to "settle with the Assyrians once for all," and under the guidance of an expert, proceeded to massacre them in the cold-blooded Turkish fashion. The massacres were stopped by the civil Government, but the organisers and perpetrators, so far from receiving punishment, were promoted and honoured. The British Government were duly warned by the Iraqi Government that, if they did anything to support their *protégés* against the Iraqis or even to demand an inquiry into the massacres, there would be a general slaughter of Christians throughout the country. The British Government yielded. The British officials on the spot did all that was humanly possible to relieve distress among the plundered, beggared and starving remnant of Assyrians in the villages and in the concentration camps. In reply to questions at Geneva and in the House of Commons the Government admitted some "moral responsibility" but claimed that it was only "moral" and not financial—so that no one need really mind!

A pretty miserable story. The Assyrians made mistakes enough. These fierce and predatory peoples quickly adopt a "refugee mentality." When made dependent they cease to help themselves and claim more and more from those on whom they depend. Like other refugees, the Assyrians indulged in vain hopes: the recovery of Hakkiari; a grand national settlement in Syria; even the resurrection of the old Assyrian Empire. The young Mar Shimun, inheriting a divided people and extraordinary difficulties, and not receiving enough sympathetic guidance from Sir Francis Humphrys, insisted mistakenly on his "temporal authority" and refused co-operation with the Iraqi Government. His enthusiastic follower, Yacu, committed absurd indiscretions.

The Iraqi Government had to the full the usual faults of the Middle East. They cannot be judged by Western standards; the one virtue of tolerance claimed for them by Sir Francis Humphrys quickly disappeared when something more important than mere religion was at stake. They were often shifty and untruthful, and even when their intentions were excellent they were inefficient in making their meaning clear. But, on the whole, while they had British advisers their general policy was good. Colonel Stafford certainly does clear them of the graver charges of treachery and of any deliberate policy of massacre.

As for the British Government, it looks as if their fundamental fault was simply that they took on the Mandate for Syria without any honest acceptance or understanding of the "sacred trust" which it involved. They took it as the next best thing to annexation, thinking it would pay. When it did not pay, they dropped it. They do not seem to have realised that they had accepted the responsibility for guiding the new Iraqi State, for earning its confidence, instead of its jealousy, and for not leaving it until both the State itself and the communities which had especially been identified with British interests could be safely left. "For more than a decade," says Colonel Stafford, "there had been law and order in Iraq. The police were normally efficient. . . . The roads were safe." That was under the Mandate: but ten years were nothing like enough to overcome the traditions of violence and corruption that had lasted for centuries. The League of Nations when entrusting the territory north of Mosul to Iraq rather than Turkey did so on the understanding that the British Mandate should continue for "at least twenty-five years." Great Britain accepted the territory for Iraq and evacuated in five. Well may Colonel Stafford observe that "the strongest advocate of British policy in the Near East would hardly venture to call it consistent," and more severely, that "political and commercial interests have as a rule tended to suppress the moral impulses which have occasionally been felt." It is not much good urging that nations at war should eschew the habit of grabbing at every ally they can get, however weak, and however likely to be deserted to his fate afterwards. Once at war, nations will do that and worse things. But it does seem rather a "superfluity of naughtiness" to have chosen the year 1928, when it was already decided to evacuate the country, for arranging that the British Levies in Iraq should consist wholly and entirely of Assyrians. It stamped the Assyrians finally as belonging to Britain, not to Iraq.

Probably the mischief in this case is mostly due to the fact that Iraq and the Assyrians formed only a small and neglected area in the vast network of world-wide responsibility which the British Government had on its mind. The men on the spot did their best, but the Government was busy with more important affairs and was chiefly anxious not to spend money or undertake responsibility. So things drifted to disaster, and disaster must be paid for.

Our Assyrian *protégés* cannot now be left in Iraq; a place must be found for some 20,000 of them and Britain must face most of the expense. That is the result of accepting, for reasons of convenience, the "moral responsibility" for assurances which afterwards turn out to be untrue. It has proved hard to find a suitable place, though one may perhaps have been found in the Rupumuni uplands of British Guiana. It is devoutly to be hoped that a favourable report will be received from the League Commission which is now examining that territory, that those Assyrians

SEX ETHICS

By

J. ELLISON A. GOODWIN
C. D. READ L. C. RIVETT

An authoritative medical statement on the problems of contraception, sterilization and abortion by four teachers of gynæcology in London.

Two Notable Opinions

"Out of the slough of pornographic despond in which sex literature is suspended protrudes this sanely scientific volume. Here is a book, unbiased by religion, law, or medicine (except in that medicine coincides with common sense), dealing fully with these in their bearing upon three subjects whose importance is growing as the interest of the world in them is increasing."—*Middlesex Hosp. Gazette.*

"This book covers a large number of burning controversies in the religious and social life of to-day. They are dealt with sympathetically and with authority. . . . The subject is fearlessly and frankly tackled. Religious points of view are considered and discussed. . . . **A well-timed, well-written and clear exposition of the subject as we know it to-day.**"—*Medico-Legal Review.*

With 21 plates Price 12s. 6d. Postage 9d.

Bailliere Tindall and Cox,

(Dept. S.), 7-8 HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.2

who wish to leave Iraq will agree to accept this distant but peaceful place of exile, and that Great Britain will by gift or loan, or a combination of the two, shoulder the major part of the financial burden. A loan of the same kind advanced to the Armenian settlers in Syria is being repaid quite successfully, and the Assyrians are said to be good agriculturists.

GILBERT MURRAY

A LIBERAL EGG

The Family Book. Edited by GWEN ST. AUBYN. *Barker.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This book reminds me of a saying attributed to Mr. Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for the American presidency. "I know of uses for good eggs," he is reported to have said, "I know of uses for bad eggs, but I know of no use for a Liberal egg."

The book purports to be "a comprehensive guide to family life, from before marriage to the adolescence of children." It is, we are told, the work of "recognised authorities," and in it "is gathered everything needed by those who have, or anticipate having, charge of the destinies of children." "The real aim of the book," says the editor, "is to put simply and frankly before the public the views of experts on all matters relating to children." We are further told that "in order not to be dogmatic, and also to leave the reader free to form his own opinion on such a controversial subject as birth control, one contributor has been asked to defend it and another to give arguments against it."

At first this cheered me up, since I felt that the rest of the book would contain only uncontroversial information. In the purely medical sections, specially those relating to young children, this is in the main true, and the information given is useful and sensible. When, however, I learn that there is "a myth that correction of left-handedness may have disastrous effects on speech or in other ways," and nowhere any attempt to defend "the myth," I wonder what has happened to the desire "not to be dogmatic." When later on I learn that "children should be trained in habits of obedience from the beginning, and should learn to obey orders without argument," that "the reading of children should be supervised, as it is a pity for them to waste time reading trash," and further, apropos of school dress, that "without uniform there are so many contrasts in clothing, and the artistic effect is often deplorable," I realise that this is a very Liberal egg indeed.

"Drawing should be taught by an artist if possible, including model-drawing, memory-drawing, design, and plant-drawing. Children should occasionally be allowed to draw freely. Painting may be taught to specially gifted children." This view apparently is not thought to be controversial. Nevertheless, there exist schools, not of course those conducted by experts, in which children are allowed to draw freely as much as they wish, and in which painting is taught to those who desire to learn it whether "specially gifted" or not. In the same chapter we are told that children "should learn to read as soon as they show a desire to do so, but not later than eight." Why eight? Why not seven or nine? I know an intelligent girl who did not learn to read until she was ten, and so far as I can see is none the worse for it.

The book is full of these *ex cathedra* pronouncements, and this seems to me its worst defect. What the intelligent parent needs is some light on the relevant principles, and not a series of rules. Rules about how children ought to be treated, as soon as they become at all specific are open to so many exceptions that even if they are sensible rules they will do a great deal of harm if they are followed blindly. Even in sensible and valuable chapters like Dr. Moodie's on "Problems of Behaviour," there seems to be a tendency to give directions rather than insight.

It is very hard to know what is meant by a controversial subject in this book. The only definition which occurs to me is that a controversial subject is one on which the editor has not made up her mind. Fifty pages are given up to an argument about birth control between Dr. Michael Fielding and Dr. Letitia Fairfield, yet it is very difficult to believe that the issue is really a live one to more than a very small minority of those who are likely to read the book. It is very difficult these days to *meet* young married couples who intend to make no use whatever of contraceptives, or who have any feeling of guilt in regard to them. It is not the ethical merits of contraceptives in which they are interested. It is the comparative psychological and physiological efficacy of particular methods. To most of them, therefore, these fifty pages are pure waste, except in so far as they give technical information. To the same people, however, what the Rev. C. B. Canning calls "the ethical aspects of family life," are both important and very often disturbing. Mr. Canning is allowed to dismiss the "New Morality" from the point of view of a Christian minister of religion. It doesn't seem to have occurred to the editor that the case against Mr. Canning may be more interesting and more important than the case against birth control.

"It is an insult to young people," writes Mr. Canning, "to say that they need this freedom. Where will you find the man or woman who is the worse for learning self-control? And where will you find young people the better for 'companionate marriages'?" Mr. Canning may be right, but it is no longer possible to regard this as the view of all "recognised authorities."

In various parts of the book, the question arises as to when children ought to be confirmed, and as to whether when being prepared for confirmation the opportunity should be taken for moral and particularly for sexual instruction. The question whether children ought to be confirmed at all does not appear to be thought controversial, and is never so much as discussed.

If, therefore, you have the middle of the road outlook, if you want your daughter to be what one contributor quite frankly calls "nice," if you agree that children should be safeguarded from modern tendencies in morals, religion and politics, but otherwise treated sensibly, then you may find this book very helpful.

W. B. CURRY

A BLUE-PRINT MAN

The Exemplary Mr. Day. By SIR SAMUEL SCOTT. *Faber and Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It needed a good deal of quiddity to be the author of *Sandford and Merton*, and a good deal of charm to be for so long, and in such peculiar sentimental circumstances, the friend of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. In both, Thomas Day abounded. His solemn ghost tempts the ironist, not to say the caricaturist, but he cheats them in the end because, when all is said and done, he was a Good Man. He died at forty-one; but, even without knowing very much about his infant years, it can be reasonably supposed that quite forty of those years were devoted by Thomas Day to the practical search for Virtue, which, as a gentleman-commoner of Corpus Christi, he decided to be "the true interest of man" and determined "to pursue as the most substantial good." Nobody caught him out. His armour of goodness had no chinks. Repeatedly he tumbled into the most ludicrous and galling man-traps (set chiefly by women), but his philanthropy was inflexible to the last. There was a touch of Cyrano in him, more than a touch of Candide, and quite a large lump of Jeremy Bentham (who was likewise born in 1748); and the blend makes him well worthy of inclusion in the portrait gallery of English eccentrics. And there, in this monograph, Sir Samuel Scott has placed him, with precision, humour and sympathy.

Day was, above all else, a blue-print man. He had that almost mystical sense of "planning" which is creeping over our own generation. It was vivified by spurts of impulsiveness, such as produced his poem, *The Desolation of America*, or his bellicose Reform harangues, and greatly helped by that sure barrier against the shocks of hard fact—a substantial independent income. There is significant irony in the fact that Day's name has survived, not by his sporadic political crusades, nor by his poems, nor by his experiments in philanthropic farming, but by a children's story to which he attached little importance. For the best part of a century *Sandford and Merton*, the creation of a childless man, continued to impress the youthful mind of middle-class England with its methodically elevated sentiments.

And as a man his memory must survive chiefly in his sentimental vagaries, which offer a unique object-lesson in the dangers of systematised sensibility, and must naturally take up a great part of a biographer's attention. Thomas Day was ill-favoured by nature for the part of amorist, licit or illicit; his heavy, shambling figure, his lumpish features, large hands, thin lips, can hardly have been inviting to women; nor did his remorseless requirements in serious conversation help matters. But Thomas Day was hardly out of his teens when he became intensely concerned with the problem of his own matrimony. It is clear that he had an eye for women. On the whole, however, women withdrew. The time came when Day, in his exigent search for the ideal wife, seems to have said, like the hard-pressed agnostic, "*si elle n'existe pas, il faut l'inventer.*" And forthwith, at the age of twenty, he visited two reputable foundling hospitals, selected two twelve-year-old girls, and proceeded to put them out in training-stables

in the hope of finding, as years went by, that either Sabrina or Lucretia (for so he named them) would develop into the ideal Mrs. Day. He took them to Avignon for eight months of almost total isolation in a foreign clime, so that no influence but his own could distort their development. He fired pistols beside Sabrina's ear to teach her self-control, and dropped molten sealing-wax on her neck to test her reactions to pain. But both of these maidens were non-starters, and in the end, after further experiments with the Misses Sneyd (one of whom became the second wife of his friend Edgeworth) and a Mlle. Panckoucke, he discovered, with the help of a physician, a Miss Milnes, "with large and white arms," who made him at last a husband, at the age of thirty. His biographer does not disclose much of how far matrimony lived up to Day's high expectations. But that he continued to be a theorist in living is plain, not only from his career as an agriculturist in Essex and Surrey, but from the manner of his death. For, believing that a certain colt of his would be ruined by being broken-in, he set off one morning on this animal, which had never been bridled before. He wore spurs, and died within an hour.

Except for an over-detailed study by an American biographer, this is the only modern portrait of Day. It was worth writing, and it is well worth reading. If the book has a fault, it lies in the author's reluctance to quote more fully, from his subject and from contemporaries. If it has one outstanding merit, it is in Sir Samuel Scott's refusal to make fun of a dreadfully serious, but very amiable, man.

HAMISH MILES

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

Morals and Politics. By E. F. CARRITT. *Oxford University Press.* 6s.

This little volume is a semi-historical treatment of the theories of political obligation from Hobbes and Spinoza to our own day. Mr. Carritt is less concerned with the history than with a careful analysis of what each of the half-score of thinkers with whom he deals had to say, and with a critical account of their deficiencies. It is with the giants that he deals; and not the least interesting part of the book is its discussion of dialectical materialism.

The only word adequate to the book that I can find is to say that it is a minor masterpiece. It is so, I believe, for two reasons. In the first place, it is an ideal book for the student who is beginning his acquaintance with political philosophy and wants to be clearly aware of the central problems involved. From this angle, it is the work of a remarkable teacher—luminous, incisive, penetrating. On the other hand, it is also a contribution of real importance to its subject. That is not because Mr. Carritt has new facts to communicate so much as because his method of approach strips each theory he analyses of that stylistic miasma by which its substance is often concealed and compels the reader to examine it upon the basis of what it is really built upon. If there is anywhere in the literature a better brief account, for example, of what Kant and Hegel were really trying to say, I have not discovered it. Those who speak of the French genius for clarity will appreciate my sense of its quality if I say that it rivals the best French models of its kind.

There is hardly a page in the volume which does not on some ground deserve comment. But it is particularly worth while to note the attack on the idealist school generally, and on Bosanquet in particular. Here it is not too much to say that the effect of Mr. Carritt's analysis should be to put that vital tradition definitely on the defensive. And students who have for generations been baffled by the effort to make common sense out of the idea of a general will can find here a critique of its validity as pungent and effective as anything that has so far been written. Not the least of its merits is Mr. Carritt's insistence on giving to words a meaning we expect them naturally to have. With Bosanquet, for example, the meaning of liberty became so tortured that men were told to find their liberty in a condition of servitude abhorrent to them. Mr. Carritt at least gives his reader grounds upon which he may reasonably hope to escape from the consequences of an evil tradition.

The discussion of dialectical materialism is, perhaps, the least satisfactory part of the book. This is, I think, due less to the quality of the criticism itself than to the compression which has limited Mr. Carritt to less room than his theories require. I think he has built up a powerful case against the doctrine in that dangerously rigid form it too often assumes in orthodox Communist hands. On the other hand, I think he has done less than justice to the value of the Marxian method in the field of social relationships.

An enchanting 20-days' Cruise by the splendid modern 20,000 ton Cruising Liner,

DUCHESS of RICHMOND

MADEIRA
ST. VINCENT
FREETOWN
DAKAR
LAS PALMAS
LISBON

A voyage of warmth, sunshine and colour—leisurely and luxurious—taking you to some of the most sparkling gems of the Canary and Cape Verde Islands as well as to Senegal and Sierra Leone on the West African mainland. DUCHESS OF RICHMOND is a magnificent ship—large, graceful and charmingly furnished. Ballroom, Swimming Pool etc. Single and double bedrooms, many with private bath or *en suite*. Spacious Promenade, Sports and Sun Decks.

First Class Only. **Limited Membership.**

From Southampton March 16. Duration 20 days.

MINIMUM RATE: 34 Gns.

Other splendid First Class Cruises by 20,000 ton DUCHESS liners sailing from Liverpool as follows:

Feb. 21	Mediterranean, Greece, Turkey, Palestine and Egypt. 28 days	from **45 Gns.**
Mar. 23	Mediterranean, Greece, Portugal. 21 days	„ **35 Gns.**
Apr. 6	Mediterranean, Spain, Italy, Morocco. 18 days	„ **29 Gns.**
Apr. 18	Mediterranean, Italy, Tripoli, Greece, Portugal. 20 days	„ **34 Gns.**

Our Programme of 1935 Cruises is now ready. May we send you a copy?

Canadian Pacific
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

62-65 Charing Cross (Trafalgar Sq.), London. S.W.1,
103, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3,
or Local Agents Everywhere.

I do not think it is true either of Marx or of Engels to say that they believed in the inevitability of communism as an imminent necessity of history; and that was certainly not true of the Lenin who wrote the supremely important letters of October and November, 1917. The question, obviously, is too wide for discussion here. I agree with Mr. Carritt that the ordinary form of the Marxian dialectic (especially when stated in terms of Communist orthodoxy) does not provide us with a true theory of political obligation. On the other hand, I think that as a philosophy of history it has provided us with the only adequate account of the process of social change. And from that account prediction becomes possible in a scientific fashion not open to other views. Mr. Carritt is entitled to attack certain of the epigoni for a mechanical interpretation of Marxism which predicted inevitable victory. But I do not think that mechanical view was held by either Marx or Engels and certainly not by Lenin.

Finally, I should like to draw particular attention to Mr. Carritt's discussion of Locke. Modern doctrinal discussion has tended to overlook and to underestimate his sturdy common sense and his realisation that a sharp distinction must be drawn between obligation and self-interest. A Lockian revival is overdue; he has suffered from the excessive attention paid to idealist subtleties which have invariably been a part of that technique of reaction which confounds the actual with the ideal. It is part of Locke's glory that he never confused right and might and consistently refused to see the state through rose-coloured spectacles.

HAROLD J. LASKI

MINUET

Minuet: A Critical Survey of French and English Literary Ideas in the Eighteenth Century. By F. C. GREEN. *Dent.* 15*s.*

What a book might be written on the relationship of England and France during the last two hundred years! The author might compare it with a human relationship in which hard words are often exchanged, and yet in which an element of downright animosity is counterbalanced by a kind of spiritual interdependence that makes it quite impossible for the parties ever to break asunder. Mere propinquity cannot explain this curious bond. Few nations would appear to have less in common; and yet, notwithstanding their superficial dissimilarity, London and Paris have never ceased to barter ideas. At no time was the commerce more productive than during a period when the shadows of Romanticism had begun to creep out over the landscape of the Western world; for whereas Frenchmen have helped Englishmen to think—to refine on the natural vagueness of the British temperament—the pleasures of feeling were an English contribution. To agonise with Richardson or to brood with Young was the favourite exercise of many eighteenth-century writers.

Druidic fogs swept heavily across the Channel. Nor was the influence of this strange and gloomy kingdom—the land of extremes, of great wealth and great poverty, of melancholy, monosyllabic men, and of cold and heartless but remarkably beautiful women—confined to the spread of its literary products. England itself became the subject of literature; and the critic who pursued the story to its conclusion, starting with Richardson, would follow it through the Romantic annals of the early nineteenth century—when young French poets, we are informed, affected an air of *raideur anglaise*—to the fantastic narratives of Villiers de l'Isle Adam.

How did England come to emerge from her previous place? For several hundred years France had led the way; then a change occurred. Our philosophers widely influenced French eighteenth-century thought. And characteristically it was a Scotch gardener, Thomas Blaikie (recently resuscitated by that brilliant talker and learned francophil, the late Francis Birrell) who helped to popularise the picturesque in France, *le jardin anglais*, the grotto, the Chinese bridge. Altogether, the theme is of vast extent; and, if for no other reason, *Minuet*, Professor Green's learned survey of French and English literary ideas in the eighteenth century, would be disappointing because, although it is a very long and very detailed book, its scope is not sufficiently ambitious. Nor do the conclusions drawn by Professor Green appear always quite worthy of the labour and erudition that he has expended. Great stretches of the work are flat and dull. Professor Green's method is to select two authors, take a book or books written by each, and proceed to compare them almost line for line. Drama and Poetry have the seats of honour. In the course of his examination of French and English verse during the eighteenth century, Professor Green quotes at length from numerous obscure, yet extremely interesting, French poets; but the section devoted to the Novel is full of shocks. Seldom are his comparisons really valid. The section opens with a chapter entitled "Two Strange Women"; and here the critic, who has started off by comparing Racine and Madame de la Fayette, ends by drawing an extended parallel between Prévost and Defoe, through the medium of their two most celebrated personages, Manon Lescaut and Moll Flanders.

He points out that there were certain similarities but also considerable differences. Manon Lescaut was the *grande amoureuse* of legend, doomed to disaster; Moll Flanders a hard-headed woman who contended against her misfortunes with a resourcefulness that eventually precipitated her into a life of crime. When we have read the essay our understanding of the two novelists remains exactly where it was when we turned the first page. Chapters Thirteen and Fourteen, "The Unheroic Heroes" and "Wise Virgins," are slightly more provocative; but a reader who (like the present reviewer) has always found *Gil Blas* one of the dullest of picaresque novels, may be somewhat puzzled by the stately eulogy that it here receives. Well, well, we all have our blind spots. . . . "The hoary Spanish jests about innkeepers and feline rabbit-pies (admits Professor Green) do occasionally crop up." But Le Sage's "*vis comica* is absolutely his own, and it is utterly French." *Gil Blas*, he informs us, is a fountain of laughter. Le Sage is thereupon compared with Smollett, much to Smollett's disadvantage, since in the work of Le Sage "there is nothing to justify the assumption that he possessed no inner vision of an ideal life"; whereas Smollett was as coarse a creature as most of his characters. Surely the real difference between Smollett and Le Sage was the difference between rude energy and polished commonplace?

Pamela next comes up for criticism. Poor Richardson! it seems rather late in the day to make such elaborate and heavy-handed fun of so very defenceless a heroine! Nor does it add greatly to our appreciation of the novelist's importance to be told that, while "few novelists have yearned more bowelfully over the purity and sanctity of woman than Samuel Richardson in *Pamela* . . . his conception of her place in the social scheme is, here at least, disgracefully low." Richardson, Professor Green continues, "has a positive genius for disgusting the most tolerant. . . . Sterne is a master of slimy innuendo, but Richardson has not the wit to rise even to innuendo"; *Pamela* smells of "unaired closets and incipient masochism." In fact, why write of Richardson at all? To what purpose this ponderous dissection? *Minuet*, though erudite and not unreadable, is the massive monument of a squandered opportunity.

P.Q.

BEACH-LA-MAR

Stuff and Nonsense. By "BEACHCOMBER" (J. B. MORTON). *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Here is another selection from Beachcomber's column in the *Daily Express*—Lady Cabstanleigh, Mrs. Wretch, Carstairs and Narkover. To be serious about comedy is a ticklish job, so why not say "grand fun," and leave it at that? But the interesting thing about Beachcomber is, that, like all good satirists, he is in deadly earnest. His jokes, a great many of them, are agonised, the expression not of amusement but of hatred and indignation; his laughter comes near to hysteria. For he finds himself trapped in a civilisation which he finds entirely detestable. Here is a characteristic paragraph:

> Disquieting News for the Government.
>
> The Government campaign for starving the destitute to death has had a serious check. A scientist has discovered that there is enough vitamin H in a boiled banana skin to keep a family of six alive for two days. The Ministry of Health goes further, and says that, by making an effort, the family of six could keep going for four days.

Another paragraph records "without comment" that three Old Etonians, after drinking too much, smashed windows at Windsor and were fined; and that three soldiers, after drinking too much, smashed windows at Dover, and were sent to prison for a year. Even his Lady Cabstanleigh and his Mrs. Wretch typify the fantastic values held up by gossip-writers and demanded by their readers. Cricket pomposities, Wimbledon, historical films, Books of the Month, Ye Olde Bungalowes and imbecile letters, like those printed at the bottom of the page on which he writes—everything, almost, which the readers of the Beaverbrook Press are fed with, is so much food for his disgust. His work on the

LUST FOR LIFE IRVING STONE'S NOVEL OF VINCENT VAN GOGH

EINSTEIN

8/6 8/6

The World As I See It

"Every paragraph in this book is fiery with courage and with an unquenched faith in man's destiny . . . No one will read this book and not go forward with new heart."
(Advance notice in the OBSERVER)

TOLLER's

8/6 8/6

Seven Plays

—See Sean O'Casey's review in last week's NEW STATESMAN—

The volume contains: THE MACHINE-WRECKERS, TRANSFIGURATION, MASSES AND MAN, HINKEMANN, HOPPLA! SUCH IS LIFE! THE BLIND GODDESS, DRAW THE FIRES!—also MARY BAKER EDDY
by Ernst Toller and Hermann Kesten

ALFRED APFEL

Behind the Scenes of German Justice

6/- Reminiscences of a German barrister, 1882-1933 6/-

KOMISARJEVSKY'S

The Theatre

3/6 (Twentieth Century Library) 3/6

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD

LUST FOR LIFE IRVING STONE'S NOVEL OF VINCENT VAN GOGH

LUST FOR LIFE IRVING STONE'S NOVEL OF VAN GOGH

Express, and Low's on the *Standard*, does much to disinfect these papers, and Lord Beaverbrook is remarkable as the only Press King to pay Court Fools to insult his subjects.

So far, so good. But Beachcomber is as indiscriminately insulting as any of the Marx Brothers. "If I am wrong," he shrieks at his readers, "you are none the less fools." He envelopes everything belonging to the modern world in the same almost crazy hatred. Our science? All nonsense. Our poetry? Drivel. Our painting? Bosh. Our music? Muck. (Nor are the dead much better than the living, unless they lived a very long while ago, or were French, Italian, Spanish or Austrian.) Neutrons and Bach, feminism and Ibsen, pacifists, the "obscene" poetry of Lawrence and the "ridiculous" paintings of Picasso, are so many varied *banderillas* in the shoulders of this tormented creature. In his distress he even becomes illiterate, using "whoever" as an interrogative, and "so-called" as a term of abuse (like the authoress of *Irene Iddesleigh* who referred indignantly to "the so-called Barry Pain"). He is sickened by the thought of anyone enjoying anything he himself cannot appreciate; whatever he cannot understand, he automatically detests; and the range of his understanding is, for an educated man, bewilderingly narrow. The odd thing, moreover, is that all this nausea is presented as the product of bluff common sense. Beachcomber seems, by his own account, to be a strapping man who eats and drinks and walks as heartily as he swears, the sort of man who gives "thumping great whacks on the jaw to milksops." Yet from his queasiness you might have supposed that he was a dyspeptic *Yellow Book* hyper-sensitive. And, like the poets of the Nineties, he takes refuge from this modern world which he cannot endure, in a beautiful imaginary Gothic past, in which there was "happy social life and general well-being of the masses." In his loyalty to this dream he cracks angry jokes even at such innocent innovations as pasteurisation and similar processes applied to milk. And here, I suggest, his joke ceases to be a joke; and I should like to take him to a children's hospital and show him scores of small bodies twisted out of shape by surgical tuberculosis as a result of drinking unpasteurised milk. No doubt, half the things Beachcomber hates are a result of over-population. And I expect that he has little sympathy with birth-control. But I do not believe that even his hatred of science is such as would make him welcome a return to mediaeval sanitation, and the spread of the Black Death, or even an increase in tuberculosis. There is matter enough in the modern world for savage indignation. But when a man, however brilliant his talent, screams indifferently at everything around him, healthy or unhealthy, hideous or beautiful, he ceases to be a satirist and becomes a hypochondriac. This book is, in fact, well named: most of it is good stuff, part of it is, in the worst sense of the word, nonsense.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

Just Published

MONETARY POLICY AND ECONOMIC STABILISATION

By ARTHUR D. GAYER
M.A., D.Phil. (Oxon.)

'A young English economist who has played a not inconsiderable part in recent events in America as one of the leading members of the Columbia Commission on Economic Reconstruction. His book is a model of what such a book should be. It is marked throughout by level-headed competence; it maintains a high standard of expository skill . . . A work of unusual promise.'—*The Scotsman.*

A. & C. BLACK : LONDON, W.1

OBTAINABLE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

8*s.* 6*d. net* (*by post* 9*s.*)

THE CONSEQUENCES OF PASSCHENDAELE

The Official History of the War: The German March Offensive of 1918. Compiled by BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR JAMES EDMONDS (Separate volumes of Maps and Appendices, 6*s.* 6*d.*, and 5*s.* 6*d.*). *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It was an admirable idea of the compilers of the official history to jump forward from the opening days of the battle of the Somme to the March offensive of 1918. No doubt they were quite uninfluenced by the desire to defend the "soldiers" from recent criticism of the 1917 campaigns, and yet the general effect of this book is that of a retort to the critics; here are the consequences—a retreat that might easily have been a disaster—of the neglect by the home Government of Haig's and Robertson's advice. What may, perhaps, have been in the consciousness of those responsible for the publication is the immediate usefulness of giving soldiers, and potential recruits, an idea of a modern battle in its most developed form.

Before dealing with the battle a word must be said in praise of the book. Faced with almost insuperable difficulties of material, General Edmonds has managed to enforce order and coherence on his narrative, and even to present to the reader something of the excitement, strain and confusion of the battle. His writing is lucid, objective and impartial, with a very few and very restrained compliments to the courage of the troops.

It would, however, improve the book if we could be given the casualties suffered by the armies; if possible, estimates of those suffered and inflicted in particular operations and on the different days of the battle, but at all events the grand totals. Further, it would have made our views of the strategic importance of the battle clearer if General Edmonds had given us an appreciation of the situation after the last German attack—the exhaustion of reserves, allied and German, and the effect of the new German salient on lateral communications.

On the tactical lessons of the battle General Edmonds is sound but discreet. Too little is said of the use of the new arms, or perhaps too little use was made of them. There seems to have been no attempt to delay the German advance with mustard gas, and the tanks were often wasted in small attacks in early stages of the battle, when German artillery was well forward with the attack. They cut a more formidable figure in German than in British narratives. The use of low-flying aeroplanes is dealt with at some length, though it would have been interesting to have had some more details on such actions.

The other, more serious, tactical faults are bound up with Haig's strategy. The Fifth and Third Armies lacked reserves, they were too weak for the extended fronts Pétain had induced Haig to take over, and they had not had time to prepare defensive lines in depth or to train for defensive warfare. The Government refused drastic measures to raise troops in England, and refused a concentration from the East. For this and for agreeing to Pétain's demand they were blamed by Haig and Robertson, and General Edmonds repeats, moderately but firmly, the criticism.

Yet it is almost overwhelmingly obvious that the greatest share of the blame would lie on Haig, if any individuals were to be blamed. He had prolonged the Passchendaele offensive, exhausting his troops and reserves, disquieting the Government, and finally "making pictures," in an unforgivable fashion, of German exhaustion and casualties. The consequences, down to the last details, are apparent. Because he remained persistently optimistic and offensive, the troops had no time to prepare a defence system on the German model; the forward line was by far the best entrenched, and had to be defended with considerable forces, and it was their destruction and capture which seem to have weakened the Fifth Army so dangerously. (The proportion of losses in the latter days of the retreat never seem to have been comparable.)

Everyman's Library £250 Competitions

JUDGES: ERNEST RHYS, RICHARD CHURCH, KATHLEEN CONYNGHAM GREENE

The entries for these Competitions, which closed on December 31st, have amounted to close on seven thousand. The prizewinners are given below; booksellers' names are in italics.

COMPETITION A: The Empty Bookshelf.—FIRST PRIZE (£4 cash and £4 books): R. H. Kavanagh, 9, Sussex Road, Carshalton, Surrey; *H. C. & E. Bowden.* SECOND PRIZE (£2 10s. cash and £2 10s. books): Edward Liddle, 115, Waleran Buildings, Old Kent Road, S.E.1; *F. & E. Stoneham, Ltd., Ludgate Hill.* THIRD PRIZE (£1 10s. cash and £1 10s. books): Mrs. Amy Stanwix, 22, Aysgarth Road, Dulwich Village, S.E.21; *Gallery Bookshop.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 10s. each): Phyllis E. Kelway, R. H. Wilson, H. F. Roberts, Miss E. Redwood, Miss E. Greenfield, Mrs. E. M. Fowler, G. H. Stanwix, Miss Iva Elliston, John C. Mills, D. W. Miller.

COMPETITION B: A Piece of Patchwork.—FIRST PRIZE (£5 cash and £5 books): Lucy J. Taylor, 39, Hazelhurst Road, Kings Heath, Birmingham; *The Midland Educational Co., Ltd.* SECOND PRIZE (£3 cash and £3 books): Victor Soanes, 64, St. George Street, Toronto, Canada; *T. Eaton Co., Ltd.* THIRD PRIZE (£2 cash and £2 books): H. Middleton, 7, St. James's Avenue, North Lancing, Sussex; *Phoenix Book Co., Ltd.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 10s. each): Miss I. L. Plunket, C. C. R. Pile, Miss G. Ward, Walter Eite, Mrs. F. M. H. Bone, G. L. Matthews, Miss Margaret Archer, J. T. de Seyfried, Miss Vera Barclay, Miss Winifred Gardner.

COMPETITION C: The Librarian's Dilemmas.—FIRST PRIZE (£5 cash and £5 books): P. J. Randall, "Beaulieu," The Crescent, Weedon Road, Northampton; *Slades Stores, Ltd.* SECOND PRIZE (£3 cash and £3 books): Miss Frodsham, Berridge House, Fortune Green Road, Hampstead, N.W.6; *Strathmore Bookshop.* THIRD PRIZE (£2 cash and £2 books): R. C. Monteath, 31, Church Street, Dumbarton; *G. Langlands.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 10s. each): the Rev. C. Gimblett, Miss E. J. Crowther, Mrs. Turing Bruce, S. J. Walker, Miss D. K. Hodges, T. A. Lehfeldt, George Hill, Mrs. J. M. Turner, Mrs. D. E. Clements, B. M. Capon.

COMPETITION D: People and Places.—FIRST PRIZE (£7 cash and £7 books) to be divided between: Miss P. G. Mann, Old Baskerville, Worcester; *Phillips & Probert*; and Miss M. A. Brock, Le Haut Terrain, S. Pierre du Bois, Guernsey; *P. R. Rabey.* SECOND PRIZE (£4 cash and £4 books) to be divided between: Venetia Cooper, 48, Chester Square, S.W.1; *Truslove & Hanson, Sloane Street*; and Miss L. M. Littlewood, 33, Tory, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts; *W. H. Smith & Son, Bath.* THIRD PRIZE (£2 10s. cash and £2 10s. books) to be divided between: Miss H. M. Stallard, 35, Combe Park, Bath; *Harold Cleaver, Ltd.*; and A. S. Moss-Blundell, 10, Clifton Terrace, Winchester; *H. March Gilbert.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 15s. each): J. W. Molony, Mrs. E. M. Fowler, J. D. Ferguson, Miss K. A. Middleton, Marjorie Hiscock, W. Guest, Rayne Nickalls. SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 7s. 6d. each): Marjorie Forbes-Smith, M. C. Ridge, J. Ross Murray, Miss N. Simpson, Mrs. Ridge, Norman Gilroy.

COMPETITION E: To-Day and Yesterday.—THE FIRST THREE PRIZES have been combined and re-divided as follows: £4 10s. cash and £4 10s. books to Edward P. Adam, 61, Caledon Road, Nottingham; *C. Munday.* £3 10s. cash and £3 10s. books to J. D. Bush, 10, North Square, N.W.11; *John Grant, Edinburgh.* £1 10s. cash and £1 10s. books to each of the following: W. Addis Millar, 4, Queen Street, Edinburgh; *Andrew Elliot.* E. W. Martindell, "Oaklea," Hook, Hants; *James Bain.* J. W. Watts, 22, Dry Hill Road, Tonbridge; *Goulden and Curry.* £1 cash and £1 books to J. Ross Murray, 9, Parkway Close, Welwyn Garden City; *W. H. Smith & Son, Welwyn Garden City.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 15s. each): Mrs. W. Roberts, John D. Ferguson, Richard F. Patterson, Miss L. M. Littlewood, William Gillespie, M. C. Ridge, C. D. Jukes, Miss P. M. Perkins, R. F. Middlehurst, Mrs. Ridge.

COMPETITION F: Quotation Calendar.—FIRST PRIZE (£5 cash and £5 books): Miss M. Joseph, 132, Shinfield Road, Reading; *Wm. Smith & Son.* SECOND PRIZE (£2 10s. cash and £2 10s. books): Miss Margaret Levett, Holme Cleve, Sidmouth Road, Lyme Regis; *Dunster's Library.* THIRD PRIZE (£1 10s. cash and £1 10s. books): Miss Blanche Hardy, 107B, Warwick Road, S.W.5; *Army & Navy Stores.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 10s. each): Richard H. Webster, R. C. Mason, W. C. Gooderson, M. Rhys, Miss Eva Dobell, Miss F. M. Stead, Edgar Syers, Kathleen Wray, Miss M. A. Kirkland, Enid Armstrong.

COMPETITION G: Class 1 (for children under 12).—FIRST PRIZE (£3 cash and £3 books): Barbara Mary Elcoat, 34, Sanderson Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne 2; *Waugh's Bookshop.* SECOND PRIZE (£1 15s. cash and £1 15s. books): G. A. Readett, 1, Tetley Road, Hall Green, Birmingham; *E. F. Hudson, Ltd.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 8s. each): Patricia Hamersley, J. Mousley, George Blunden, Donald Harkness, Alan R. Neate. **Class 2** (for children between 12 and 14).—FIRST PRIZE (£3 cash and £3 books): Ronald Arnold, 164, Nimrod Road, Streatham, S.W.16; *Truslove & Hanson, Clifford Street.* SECOND PRIZE (£1 15s. cash and £1 15s. books): Betty Smith, 2, Hawthorne Villas, Balfour Street, Holderness Road, Hull; *A. Brown & Sons, Ltd.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 8s. each): Patricia M. Carson, Ursula Mary Kerridge, Dorothy Green, John Powell Middlehurst, Doris Wright. **Class 3** (for children between 14 and 16).—FIRST and SECOND PRIZES (totalling £4 15s. cash and £4 15s. books) divided equally between: Helen F. Boswell, 6, Bath Place, Ayr; *Stephen & Pollock*; and Muriel Moxon, 16, Waldegrave Avenue, Sutton Ings, Hull: *A. Brown & Sons, Ltd.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 8s. each): Keith Lowe, Bridget Higgens, F. E. Wilson, Arthur Read, R. Morton.

COMPETITION H: Class 1 (for children under 12).—FIRST PRIZE (£2 cash and £2 books): Eveline Lenz, 90, Lammack Road, Blackburn, Lancs; *Seed & Gabbutt.* SECOND PRIZE (£1 5s. cash and £1 5s. books): Nicky Bilic, Villa Epidaurus, Cavtat, Jugoslavia; *B. H. Blackwell, Ltd., Oxford.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 6s. each): Mary Eddleston, Lavie Riley, Mary Sweeney, Basil Dobson, Mary Gauld. **Class 2** (for children between 12 and 14).—FIRST and SECOND PRIZES (totalling £3 5s. cash and £3 5s. books) to be divided equally between: Sheila Robson, Hyde Farm, Churt, near Farnham, Surrey; *F. Sturt, Ltd.*; and Betty Stephens, 23, Rathen Road, Withington, Manchester; *James Galt & Son.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 6s. each): Guy Waldron, Terence Ronayne, Kathleen Connor, J. Green, Pearl M. Chesney. **Class 3** (for children between 14 and 16).—FIRST PRIZE (£2 cash and £2 books): Audrey K. Parker, 30, Idlecombe Road, Tooting, S.W.17; *James Cornish, High Holborn.* SECOND PRIZE (£1 5s. cash and £1 5s. books): Trefor Lewis, 14, Gwladys Street, Pant, Dowlais, Glam; *W. H. Smith & Son, Merthyr Tydfil.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 6s. each): Joan Ruddock, Ethel Jobson, Joan M. Blunden, Vera Appleman, Innes Will.

COMPETITION I: Class 1 (for children under 12).—FIRST PRIZE (£2 10s. cash and £2 10s. books): W. J. T. Dunston, 115, Osborne Road, E.7; *Alfred Wilson, Ship Tavern Passage.* SECOND PRIZE (£1 10s. cash and £1 10s. books): Barbara Mary Elcoat, 34, Sanderson Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne 2; *Waugh's Bookshop.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 6s. each): Dudley Goulsbra, Joseph Lubrani, John Elmer, Betty McConnell, Barbara Lane. **Class 2** (for children between 12 and 14).—FIRST PRIZE (£2 10s. cash and £2 10s. books): Nanette Darley, The Bridge House, Leintwardine, Bucknell, Salop; *W. H. Smith & Son, Ludlow.* SECOND PRIZE (£1 10s. cash and £1 10s. books): Joe Arnold, 18, Deacon Street, Belfast, N. Ireland; *Wm. Mullan & Son, Belfast.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 6s. each): Patricia Munro, C. G. Lief, Elsie Giddons, Mary Johnson, Audrey Brooks. **Class 3** (for children between 14 and 16).—FIRST PRIZE (£2 10s. cash and £2 10s. books): Roger G. L. Green, Poulton Lancelyn, Bromborough, Cheshire; *Philip, Son & Nephew, Ltd., Liverpool.* SECOND PRIZE (£1 10s. cash and £1 10s. books): Eileen Shelley, 5, St. Brigids Terrace, Thurles, Co. Tipperary, I.F.S.; *Miss Noonan, Thurles, Co. Tipperary.* SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK PRIZES (value 6s. each): Nellie Libbis, C. O. Harrison, Ida Herrick, John Hutchinson, Anthony Connolly.

The cash prizes are being posted to the prizewinners. So also are vouchers for the book prizes, which may be exchanged for books at the bookshop named thereon.

A 24-page booklet setting out in full the names and addresses of all the prizewinners and their booksellers, also the winning entries and judges' reports, may be had post free on request.

J. M. DENT & SONS LTD., BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

INFERIORITY COMPLEX Write for FREE BOOK

simply and inexpensively eradicated in the privacy of your own home.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY, LTD.
1 (H.X.2), Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

"Goddard's" Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1- 2- & 3/6

FRANCE in FERMENT

by ALEXANDER WERTH

FRANCE & HITLER—CRISIS OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT — STAVISKY — FULL STORY OF THE FEBRUARY RIOTS — DOUMERGUE — THE FASCIST "LEAGUES."

Spectator: "His competent and comprehensive record illuminates the immediate past and provides criteria for the future."

Dr. J. M. Bulloch: "Written with extraordinary vivacity. Most valuable."

Times: "Illuminating." *Glasgow Herald*: "Brilliant."

Scotsman: Mr. Werth is a "first-rate journalist."

New Statesman: "First-rate descriptive reporting."

JARROLDS 12/6

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs: One Year, post free, 30s. Six months, post free, 15s. Three months, post free, 7s. 6d. and should be addressed to: The Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Again, because the troops had been trained for a break-through offensive they had not been trained for a retreat, and they suffered more than necessary in rearguard actions.

None the less, and easy though it is to be wise after the event, it would be very superficial criticism that attributed the difficulties of the British solely to Haig's bad generalship. His obstinacy, for instance, is a quality which has often in the past been of the utmost value; his offensiveness was a quality which few successful generals have lacked. And beside his errors can be put Ludendorff's—the "gambler's throw" of this offensive in the west (Haig, if left alone, would very probably have tried yet another offensive of his own). All that can be said was that Haig suffered from the general paralysis of strategic imagination, and that he was most unfortunate in the tactical misconceptions which led him to attack in the Flanders mud. If he had had the luck—and tactical sense—to deliver an offensive in 1917 comparable to the German March offensive his strategic methods would have been justified by a serious diversion and holding of German reserves.

If we wish to understand the peculiar horrors of the last war we must try to see why moderate competence was insufficient to bring victory and moderate incompetence was not enough to bring decisive defeat. In the main, and above all in the west, it was a war devoid of traps, surprises, manoeuvres or inventions. The application of the classic theory of the enveloping flank attack in a decisive battle had ended in the only completely safe countermove—the long continuous lines running from frontier to sea. The enveloping idea continued to exercise a certain influence in that the break-through of a part of the long line was usually intended to be followed up by a turning movement rather than a direct advance. But, partly because they were always nervous about their flanks, partly because they were provided with such immense armies, generals were almost forced to abandon generalship. Their forces felt too heavy to move—the means of transport and supply were insufficient for any of the wide strategic manoeuvres of the past. And these factors of doctrine and organisation prevented the generals doing anything that was not very simple. They dared not take risks. If they attempted to manoeuvre, if they laid traps involving a retreat, if they used a new, untried invention on a large scale, they might find themselves confronted with an abrupt, unforeseen situation. If they stuck to tried methods they knew where they were. And eventually armies—composed, as we frequently forget, of human beings spasmodically capable of thought—collapsed under the strain of the to and fro of offensive and retreat. The generals were quite right in thinking that they could avoid losing a decisive battle, but it was, of course, a peculiarly clumsy way of winning a war.

The only leaders who showed any obvious brilliance were the civilian soldiers, untrained in classic doctrine, acting in open theatres, and unprovided with limitless reserves: Lawrence, Trotsky and Collins. It will be interesting to see if the present British and German armies, apparently small, highly trained and reasonably mobile, are capable of revising the classic tradition sufficiently to avoid another disastrous and uninteresting deadlock. No doubt it will not be too long before we are allowed to make the experiment.

JULIAN BELL

SHORTER NOTICES

Strangers Come Home. By RONALD MACDONALD DOUGLAS. *Maclehose.* 7s. 6d.

These short stories are the work of a crofter living in an Inverness-shire glen. They have a distinction not to be found in machine-produced stories for magazine consumption. A Highlander exiled somewhere in England is Mr. Douglas's favourite subject—and he treats it with both comedy and pathos, but he also uses the beauty of his native mountains. A book of clear sincerity and dignity which will make a special appeal to Scots.

The Hedge Schools of Ireland. By P. J. DOWLING. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

The Hedge Schools, of the origin and nature of which Dr. Dowling gives us a full, learned, and vividly interesting account, were of peasant origin, and were set up in the penal period to meet the demand for the general but Catholic and patriotic education of poor children. The schools derived their name from the fact that they were held on the sunny side of a hedge, with children on the look-out for spies, at sight of which the school dispersed to meet again elsewhere. In winter rude huts were constructed, or barns and other outhouses were lent them. The children were taught the three R's, book-keeping, land-measurement, and were often given a sound grounding in Latin and sometimes in Greek, by scholars of varying attainment, poorly paid in money but highly in social esteem. It is a story of great self-sacrifice that does honour to a nation that in the face of persecution stood firmly for the things of the mind.

Lectures on Political Economy. By KNUT WICKSELL. Vol. I. *Routledge.* 8s. 6d.

This belated translation of a famous work will be read with particular interest by all those students of economics who want to understand the foundations of present-day capital theory—from which, in its relation to monetary theory, there proceeds the most promising line of investigation of the Trade Cycle. Some readers, grappling with the masterly exposition of equilibrium theory in the earlier chapters, may feel a sense of exasperation at the extreme academic abstraction of Wicksell's method. Here is the economist in his ivory tower, remote from the world, spinning an exquisite web of logic from split hairs. Meanwhile, the world still suffers the consequences of its economic blindness unrelieved. Their criticism is anticipated in the preface. "I am convinced," says the author, "that a constant and logical argument from simple assumptions conveys more real knowledge than variegated but superficial talk upon everything under the sun: national differences, racial differences, will to power, class interests, etc." Certainly his analysis of unstable equilibrium casts a flood of light on certain curious phenomena of international trade, while no economist can afford to ignore his treatment of capital and interest, perhaps the most noteworthy thing in the book. The second volume of the *Lectures*, containing Wicksell's monetary theory and analysis of fluctuations, is as yet untranslated. Its publication, let us hope not too far in the future, will complete a major contribution to the fund of economic knowledge available in the English language.

Week-end Competitions

No. 257

Set by Winifred Holtby

"Any book can be sold by its title," said an American publisher recently. Competitors are invited to submit titles which they believe could make best sellers of the following:

A scientific treatise on the nature of the Stratosphere.
An autobiography by the Dean of Westminster.
A history of the Thirty Years War.
A study of the Lutheran movement in Iceland.
An account of the political philosophy of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.
Another description of Modern Russia.

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 22.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 255

Set by V. Sackville-West

Most families have their own set of private expressions. There are the almost classical examples of "Heygate," and "Susan volunteer," which in Edwardian days obtained a currency even outside the households to which they owed their origin; useful phrases, which filled a gap in the language, and met a need. Then, again, came the Bromide book, now almost forgotten, but at the time of its popularity providing us with a neat label for the less stimulating members of our acquaintance. "Bromide," it is true, was no family expression so far as we know; still, it owed its creation to the same instinct.

Another label which proved convenient was provided by the title of a play: *Boots and Doormats*. One discovered then how readily one's friends fell into one or the other of the two categories.

In one household I know, the exclamation "That man Smith!" stands for any unknown offender, on whose shoulders the blame for anything or everything may be laid. The original Smith, whose real

LONDON'S RECORD GAS YEAR

Interesting Facts and Figures

1934 was a year of progress for Gas. Last week, in London, Sir David Milne-Watson, Governor of the Gas Light and Coke Company, gave to shareholders some remarkable facts and figures, which are of interest not only to the five million people who rely on the Company's service, but to householders and their wives all over the country. He said:

★ "... to have sold more gas in 1934 than in 1933 in the face of such weather conditions is a result of which we may be proud."

1934 was extremely mild. December 1933 was the coldest since 1890; December 1934 was the warmest on the Kew records.

★ "We supplied more new cookers, new fires and new water heaters than ever before in our history. We issued 280,000 cookers in the year ..."

★ "Research has led to considerable improvements in the efficiency of gas cookers, fires and water heaters. They give more heat for less gas."

These improvements make gas more than ever the cheapest form of heat on tap.

★ "Let me mention ... gas refrigerators, drying cupboards, wash boilers, irons, not to speak of portable fires and gas fires that can be lit by switches, and coke fires that can be lit by gas."

★ "Our sales of industrial gas appliances were in advance of all previous years."

More than 17,500 London factories use gas for their industrial heat needs.

★ "We sold more than a million and a quarter tons of coke last year—another record."

★ "We have had considerable success in obtaining public lighting contracts with a large number of Local Authorities."

Whitehall and Regent Street are among the famous thoroughfares lit by gas.

★ "It is our earnest desire to replace old appliances with modern at the earliest possible moment. We have made arrangements whereby this can be easily done at a very small cost to the consumer."

Visit any one of the Company's 57 Showrooms to see the new models and hear about the new terms.

THE GAS LIGHT & COKE COMPANY *never lets London down*

name I suppress out of regard to the libel laws of our country, derived his existence from a harmless and on the whole efficient plumber, whose boiler once had the misfortune to burst or freeze, I forget which; since which disaster Smith has had everything laid at his door, from bad weather to an injudicious financial investment. He has unconsciously conferred a real benefit on the household which invented him as a scapegoat. "That man Smith!" lets off a lot of steam.

"Garden railings" is another phrase. It implies the physical pleasure derived from running a stick along iron railings, and is extensible also to other small but vivid physical pleasures of the same type, such as to opening a drawer which runs very smoothly, or to kicking up dry leaves on an autumn walk, or to getting into a warm bath when one is cold and chilled, or even to a long drink when one is very thirsty.

Surely competitors must be able to provide analogous phrases from their own experience?

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best contributions of six phrases with explanatory notes. Entries must not exceed 400 words in length.

Report by V. Sackville-West

This competition produced a larger number of entries than any competition I have as yet set. The number and the diversity of the entries were equally surprising—especially their diversity. I had anticipated that some General Common Denominator would predominate, representing the ordinary snags and jokes of everyday family life, such as Liver, or Showing-off (Anglicé: swank), or Intruders from the Outside World, or Social Solecisms such as we all commit, especially when very young. I had anticipated that the replies would fall, generally speaking, into some such categories. It turned out quite otherwise. Relatively few phrases referred to these expected weaknesses of human nature obliged to accommodate itself to living in a sarcastic, critical, and household lump.

I can thus quote only at random, without attempting to arrange my quotations into any definable categories.

I liked A. P. E.'s *Bradshaw* (action inspired by the feeling that you can make up the fire much better than anyone else can, derived from the universal desire to snatch the time-table from the person who is using it), and A. P. E.'s *Life and Telegrams*, used of the sort of existence in which excitement is created by scenes, trunk calls, etc.; a contrast is, of course, implied with Life and Letters. I liked also L. Millard's *Hey Diddle Diddle, Grandma*, a pitying description of an adult's attempts to come down to the children's level; and P. Polson's *Cow all Through*, meaning genuine, the antonym of veneered; origin, childish exclamation on seeing carcasses hanging in a butcher's shop, "But, Mummy, I thought it was cow all through."

I liked Somborne's *Send him an L.B. letter*, but I confess I liked this for the sake of the story attached, rather than for the phrase itself:—

Meaning: Be as polite as you can but be perfectly firm about it.

Provenance: A friend's ribald story of a vicar returned from the war who enlisted an ex-sergeant-major who had settled in the village as churchwarden, and told him to write "a firm but quite polite" letter to a prominent parishioner to ask for arrears of pew-rent. "I know exactly what you want, sir," said the S.M. A few days later the vicar received from his parishioner a cheque for the arrears and an apology, with the following postscript: "Perhaps it would be well to let your churchwarden know for future guidance that 'lousy' is not usually spelt with a z and that 'bastard' has only one r."

Rufus' *Price for speeling* deserves recording. It means being rewarded beyond one's deserts:

"As I was too small to compete for prizes I wept all through a school prize-giving. The next day the kindly head-mistress presented me publicly with a book. Not to be outdone, I wrote on the fly-leaf 'Price for Speeling.'"

I observed that one so-called family phrase occurred no less than four times among the entries: this was *M.I.K.*, meaning More in Kitchen; and another phrase occurred twice: this was *Maid of Athens*, applied to an eiderdown or quilt, with the unspoken completion, *ere wepart*.

On the whole, perplexed by this wealth of contributions to the idioms of our language, I decided that the prizes must go to those competitors whose family phrases might prove most adaptable to general use. I therefore award the first prize to Margaret Norgate, whose Copper Brothers and Mr. Parker have already ridden on a tricycle into my life; and the second prize to Allan M. Laing, in whose smiling lakes I already observe the splash.

FIRST PRIZE

1. "Copper Brothers are helpless in the matter."

   During the war our grocer received many complaints from his customers because their orders did not arrive in time. He put up an explanatory notice in his window, ending with the above sentence, which became the stock cover for any inexcusable muddle.

2. "Parker said 'I'm damned if I do.'"

   There was one drawback to the invitations of a charming old friend of ours who lived in Devon. He had a habit of announcing at breakfast various small jobs for his visitors. "Peggy," he would say, "to-day I want you to give me a hand with mending that fence. Perhaps you'll weed the lawn, Win, while Dora clears the stream." One day a certain Mr. Parker rebelled, and his words are winged again whenever a distasteful task is proposed.

3. "Doesn't your father, either?"

   Presented to the family by a seaside landlady in reply to a refusal of vegetables to which was affixed "*Moi, je ne les mange pas.*" When purposes are inextricably crossed here is the only remark.

4. "And it shall be made manifest to you."

   The vicar was no preacher, but would preach. When hopelessly lost in a maze of words, as he always was sooner or later, he would seek to extract himself with these words. Any conversational incoherence is now stemmed by them.

5. "Besides, what shall I do with my tricycle?"

   Overheard in a railway waiting-room, and now a resort when all other excuses have failed.

6. "Only in England could such a thing be."

   Thus our German boarder *au pair* when the afternoons were dark, when the Lord Mayor's Show held up the traffic, when there was no central heating at a hotel, and so on. And thenceforth thus the family when anything goes wrong.

MARGARET NORGATE

SECOND PRIZE

1. "That's your father's."

   To the best of my recollection, this phrase originated in the reservation of some special table delicacy for my father's sole use and behoof; but for a long while now it has meant anything which, for one reason or another, cannot be had.

2. "Smiling Lakes."

   I once had a P.P.C. from a friend which contained the too-grandiloquent phrase that he was "revelling in the smiling lakes of Northern Italy." The two words "smiling lakes" have since become, in our family, a synonym for "purple passage."

MISCELLANEOUS

MACKIE'S EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD is crisp, rich, enticing and very famous. We pack and post to any address. Per tin, by inland post, 2s. 10d., 5s. 1d., 7s. 3d., 9s. 3d., 11s. 6d. Foreign postages on request. J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD., 108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

CHRISTMAS CARDS—Modern designs wanted. Wood Cuts, Lino Cuts in black or colour. G. DELGADO, LTD., 55 East Road, City Road, N.1.

LADY. Large country house and garden, will undertake charge of babies and children, parents abroad. Own children. Excellent Nannie. Riding. Box 674, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS—woven from pure Cumberland wool, warm and weather resisting. Full suit length 3½s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. per yard, 56in. wide. Send for patterns. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

BOOKPLATES. Heraldic and Pictorial, designed from £2 2s. Particulars from OSBORNE, 27 Eastcastle St., London, W.1.

PURE CHINA TEA.
THE original TEMPLE GATEWAY KEEMUN direct from China in 5lb. miniature Chinese chests, canister-lined, 15s. each, cash with order or sent C.O.D. from Dept. T., ROWLAND STIMSON & Co. (estd. 1885), Stimson House, 28 Tower Hill, E.C.3.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

BACHELOR (young) wants penfriends interested books, music. Box 679, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE SEX EDUCATION CENTRE exists to provide information, books, lectures, personal consultations, and guidance to expert help on all aspects of sexual experience. Director: JANET CHANCE, Century Theatre, Archer St., Westbourne Grove. Open: Mondays, 7–9 p.m. during February and March. Programme sent on request.

ARTIFICIAL SUN CENTRE. German lines, both sexes. Central, club-like. Halls for games and exercises. Ultra-violet insolation. A refuge from winter's cold and fog. Fifth season. Write Box 665, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus), Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed, from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

LITERARY

BOOKS BOUGHT
Any quantity technical, educational books, modern fiction, review copies, etc. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 Essex Road, N.1. Clerk. 1807.

FOR a really interesting and readable account of Economics you cannot do better than buy "ECONOMICS: THE STUDY OF WEALTH," by A. L. Gordon McKay (*Art and Life Series*). It is a lively book that explains many present-day problems, 5s. net, of a bookseller, or 5s. 6d. by post from PITMAN, Parker Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

REJECTED? Publisher's reader gives honest criticism of MS.; all kinds. 40 Tite St., Chelsea.

NEARLY everyone can write well enough to get into print. The Premier School's Subject Chart (copyright) indicating hundreds of ideas, and giving many valuable hints, also Sample Lesson, Prospectus, and details of Postal Tuition in Article Writing, Story Writing, or Writing for Children, will be sent Free on application to PREMIER SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, 23 Premier House, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.1.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (191a) Palace Gate, W.8.

UNITARIAN Publications Free.—"A Common-sense View of the Bible." MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.115 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK
LIMITED.
ESTABLISHED IN 1833

Paid-up Capital - - - £9,479,416
Reserve Fund - - - 8,000,000
Deposits, etc. (Dec. 1934) **298,247,729**

Chairman :
COLIN F. CAMPBELL
Deputy Chairmen :
FRANCIS ALEXANDER JOHNSTON
Sir ALFRED E. LEWIS, K.B.E.
Chief General Manager :
ERNEST CORNWALL
Joint General Managers :
F. WALLER W. HADWICK R. NORMAN SMITH
L. W. STEAD

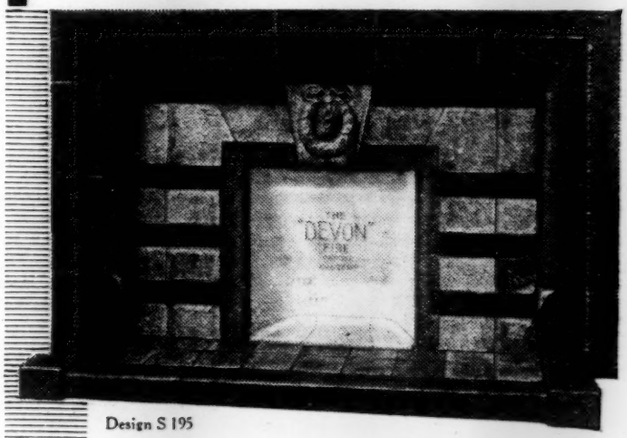
All Classes of Banking Business transacted.

Head Office : 15, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.
1,350 Offices. Agents Everywhere.

Affiliated Banks :
COUTTS & CO. GRINDLAY & CO., LTD.

'I'm always burning to welcome you'

● *SAYS THE DEVON FIRE*



Design S 195

Bright, cheerful coal fire—small, cheering coal-bill — Devon clay fire-bowl saves 25% of fuel costs. Devon designs to your taste—bold, modern designs — period pieces — hundreds to choose from.

Write to us for free illustrated catalogue or visit the London Showroom at Berners Street, W.1. You are welcome to come and see Devon Fires in the making at Heathfield, Newton Abbot, Devon.

THE **DEVON** FIRE

● CANDY & CO. LTD. (DEPT. Y), DEVON HOUSE, 60, BERNERS ST., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. WORKS: HEATHFIELD, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON.

★ **See our STAND No. 62, IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, Olympia, Grand Hall, Ground Floor, March 26—April 18.**

3. "Did you hear the splash?"

As a small boy I could tell a yarn with anyone; and once I came home with a totally imaginary tale of how I had witnessed the drowning of a little girl in the river. My circumstantial account, however, lacked one convincing detail, and a sceptical sister pounced on it: "Did you hear the splash?" she asked. And now, of course, the same question is posed whenever there is the least suspicion of unveracity.

4. "Observe!"

Clearing the tea-table once, one of my sisters accumulated in her arms an immense and tottering pile of dishes, to which she proudly called attention with an "Observe!" The dishes fell and were shattered, since when "Observe!" has been the ironic comment on any rash and spectacular proceeding in which any of the family, etc., indulged.

5. A "No-thank-you."

This expression was first applied to hawkers and such-like door-to-door nuisances, to whom the normal reply was "No, thank you." "Who was it at the door?" someone would ask. The reply would be "Oh, only a no-thank-you!" Naturally, life soon supplied many other obvious "no-thank-you's" and the meaning of the phrase was extended till it became practically synonymous with the war-slang "washout."

6. "Ladies', please!"

A friend of mine, when very small, was sent out to buy a packet of hairpins. The shop assistant asked: "What kind?" and the little girl primly replied: "Ladies', please!"—a phrase from then onwards applied by us to any obvious and laughable *faux pas*.

ALLAN M. LAING

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 112.—OVERHEARD

". . . exactly like a Caliban problem."

I was going home by 'bus. The sound of my own name, from the seat just behind me, caused me to prick up my ears.

"The old fool left ten thousand quid, clear of death duties. His will was quite batty. It provided that this ten thousand (any residue went to charity) was to be divided into so many shares of so many hundred pounds each."

"How many shares?"

"One for each of us. But no two shares were to be equal and the smallest was to be the largest possible, having regard to the other provisions."

"I don't see anything difficult in that."

"Don't you? Well. I do. There are half a dozen ways in which we can divide the money."

"I see. . . . And what are you going to do about it?"

"We're going to draw lots, to decide which division to adopt. And I'm the bloke most interested, as I get the largest share. It's rather worrying, not knowing how much it will be."

"Why don't you calculate your expectation, and see if you can do a deal?"

"I thought of that; but my mathematics aren't good enough. I've had an offer; but it's two hundred quid less than I should get under the division most favourable to me. . . ."

Should the speaker accept this offer?

PROBLEM 110.

"JUMBLE" CRYPTO

There are twelve letters in this caption; the letters to be de-coded are arranged in columns of twelve. The cryptogram is a simple one. Re-arrange the 12 letters of the caption in the alphabetical order:

BCEJLMOPRTUY

then arrange each twelve letters in the corresponding order:

TAKE EACH LINE

and so on.

The "message" embodies the above instructions:

Take each line of twelve letters and re-arrange the letters in the order which the caption makes clear.

PROBLEM 109.—THE MAD PROFESSOR

A set of Low's cartoons goes to:
M. Rees, Farringtons, Chislehurst, Kent.
There were 121 correct solutions.
Five points are awarded.

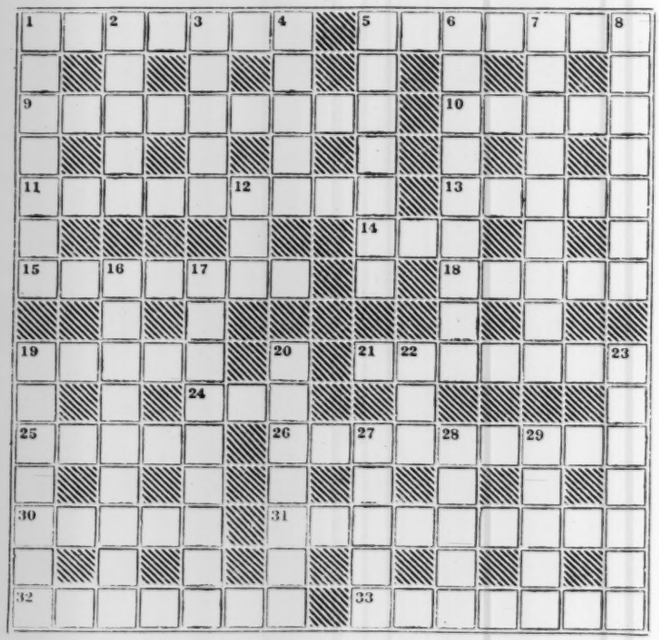
TO CORRESPONDENTS

M.R. (*Chislehurst*).—Yes, your previous points will be allowed to count. *W.C.S.* (*Joppa*).—Yes: what book would you like? *C.H.P.* (*Surbiton*).—Would you have another look at my solution? There must be three sets of children's ages conforming to the one age for the wife. *J.K.S.* (*Sherborne*).—Claim forwarded. *P.N.* (*N.20*).—Thanks for letter. *L.K.* (*Iver*).—Okay. *J.G.A.* (*Willsbridge*).—Claim will be forwarded. "*Pert.*"—Yes, I think you deserve marks for 108. *F.B.* (*Chatham*).—Change of address noted.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 258

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Mary Eite, 92, Dalston Road, Carlisle

ACROSS.

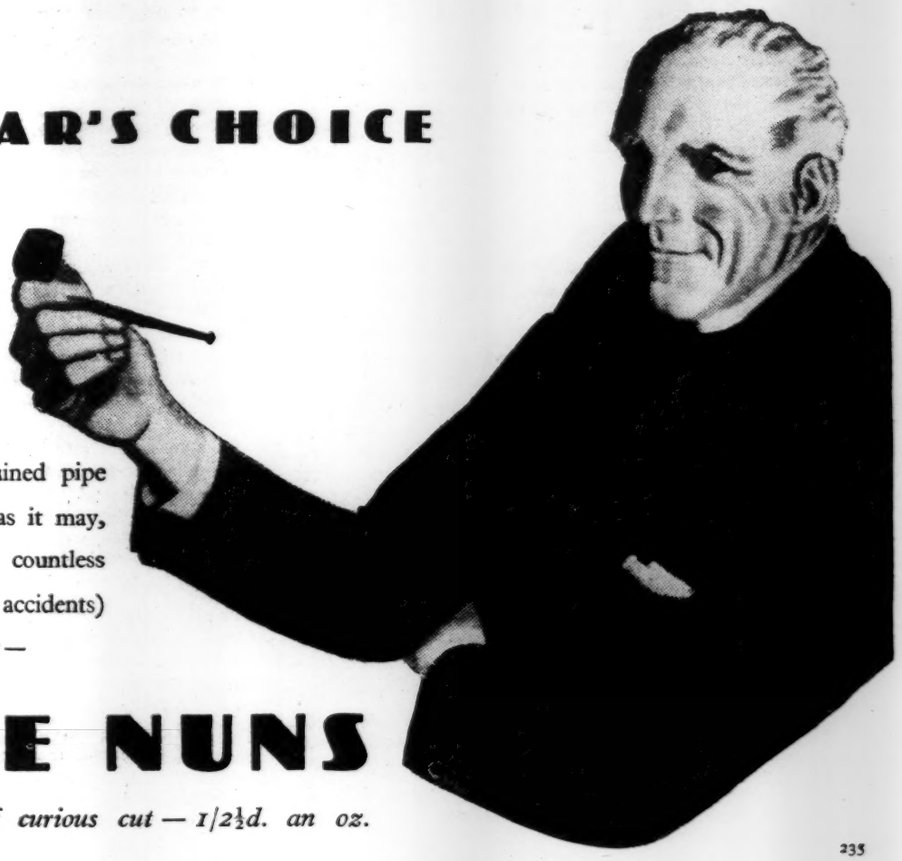
1. No doubt a pillar of the ancient Greek church.
5. Mended with paving stones.
9. These are not youthful College servants at Oxford.
10. In his reign "a woman with her babe might walk scatheless from sea to sea."
11. Crown that a boy will turn.
13. Vaulted.
14. This king was an Aryan Oberon.
15. Not the usual place for an equestrian come-down.
18. Recently absorbed by Halifax.
19. If it comes to itself the pessimists are right.
21. Advice to the lads who steer to glory.
24. Shouting colour.
25. Colourful part of Loch Renfrew.
26. Faint praise that damns good intentions.
30. Regenerate.
31. He feels it no doubt in other people's bones.
32. Daniel was made their chief governor.
33. This protection is a usual seaside "frontispiece."

DOWN.

1. Though this is being constantly piped few people tire of it.
2. Hen stratum.
3. Name of the rooks' clan?
4. Syllabic group for plain singers.
5. In England these are just homes.
6. The baker is in it, yet he would presumably be the last to stand in it.
7. Advisable for those who go in for green trimming.
8. A noise below the sandhill.
12. Done but not finished.
16. These workers no doubt have soiled fingers.
17. You would be in fishy society.
19. Presidential line of timber.
20. This phenomenon is not exclusive to Turkey.
22. If Harold is spared the rod he makes a later king.
23. This baseball player doesn't hold the drinks.
27. Musical instruments that sound like sacks.
28. Animal that behaves to a large extent like a cow.
29. An extensive sailing order.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

THE VICAR'S CHOICE



Some say the Vicar was born with a straight-grained pipe in his mouth. Be that as it may, he has since consumed countless other pipes, but (barring accidents) only one tobacco, namely—

THREE NUNS

The original tobacco of curious cut — 1/2½d. an oz.

235

Issued by STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON, *Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., St. Andrew Square, Glasgow*

The Advantages of a Banking Account

A banking account with the C.W.S. Bank ensures:

Convenient and easily provable payments of accounts.

Excellent interest coupled with moderate and easily ascertainable Commission.

Safe custody of documents, deeds and other valuables, free of charge.

The use of one or more of over 2,500 Co-operative Society Agencies.

AND MANY OTHER SERVICES.

INQUIRIES TO

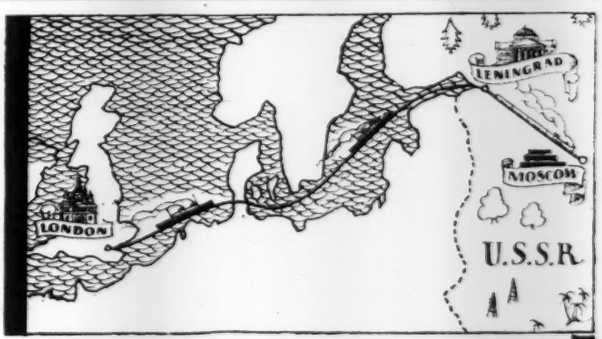
C.W.S. BANK

Head Office: 1 Balloon Street, MANCHESTER.

BRANCHES:

99 Leman Street, London, E.1; 42 Kingsway, London, W.C.2; and Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.

West Blandford Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Broad Quay, BRISTOL.



EASTER & 1st MAY TOURS

To SOVIET RUSSIA

Boats leaving London on April 18th and 20th.

ALSO OVERLAND TOURS.

Full 1935 Programme is Ready

INTOURIST LTD.
Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2
or **ANY LEADING TRAVEL AGENCY**

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

GILT-EDGED REACTION—NATIONAL DEBT HOLDINGS—PEPPER—RAILWAYS

THE gilt-edged market this week provided rather too much proof for my argument last week. If I may repeat it, my contention is that investors are beginning to realise that political and other risks are increasing and that the existing rate of interest does not make adequate allowance for a risk premium; in other words, that the *natural* fall in the long-term rate of interest has reached its limit. The trouble began at the week-end with the Rothermere press stunt of a major political crisis. In the expectation of wholesale Cabinet resignations nervous speculators and still more nervous Continental operators sold stock freely on Monday. Some liquidation followed from the direction of Mincing Lane where three firms have been peppered into bankruptcy. By Tuesday night the gilt-edged market had lost 3 to 4 points. A recovery followed on Wednesday in anticipation of a reassuring statement by Mr. Neville Chamberlain on Thursday. The Government, of course, cannot yet afford to let the market slide. It has to provide for the repayment of £44 million Treasury 3 per cent. next April, whatever happens, and if it has courage and common sense it will strive to push the smaller local authorities into slum-clearance and re-housing schemes by cheapening the cost of their borrowing with a conversion of 3 per cent. Local Loans. The Government, in other words, has good reason to force the long-term rate of interest beyond its natural fall.

* * *

There was an interesting article in the *Economist* last week giving the estimated distribution of the National debt which throws some light upon the strength or vulnerability of the gilt-edged market.

Economist Estimates of National Debt :—

	£ million.
"Non-marketable" :—	
External Debt	1,037
Bank of England—Issue dept. and Ways and Means advances	283
Exchange Equalisation Account	375
"Inert" holdings :—	
P.O. Savings Bank and Trustee Savings Banks	450
Savings Certificates	395
Insurance Companies	350
Friendly Societies, Public Trustee, Charity Commissioners and Ecclesiastical Commissioners	337
Private holders, settlements, trusts, etc., say	2,085
"Marketable" holdings :—	
Bank of England—Banking dept.	89
British and Overseas Banks, say	1,175
Joint Stock companies	300
Railways	40
Investment Trusts	20
Private holders, settlements, trusts, etc., say	1,000
Total Debt	£7,936

This distribution between "inert" and "marketable" holdings is a very arbitrary one. I would not care to regard the holdings of insurance companies as inert or those of the banks as entirely marketable. But there is no doubt that the magnitude of the "marketable" debt has greatly increased in recent years. I would single out the smaller discount houses, the foreigners, and the speculative private interests as constituting the present menace to the stability of the gilt-edged market.

* * *

When Sir William McLintock has completed his examination as liquidator into the affairs of James and Shakspeare Ltd. it is hoped that we shall have the names of the Pepper Pool (British and foreign). Mr. G. Bishirgian has been made the scapegoat in the press, because his name was the only one available. Besides, he had a house in Park Lane and a model farm in the country with pedigree pigs, so that he could play the part of a "Pepper King" for the stunt reporters. But it is clear that he was no king. Mystery surrounds the whole business from the start of James and Shakspeare as a public company in August, 1934. This company acquired for £33,000 (in ordinary shares) the metal and produce department of G. Bishirgian and Company, together with an option to purchase 101,000 ordinary shares of £1 at par and a further 49,000 ordinary shares at 25*s*. of Williams Henry and Company—a firm with similar interests. The old business of James and Shakspeare used to make only £8,470 a year. The earnings of G. Bishirgian and Company had averaged £19,285. A further £10,000 was expected to be derived from Williams Henry and Company. James and Shakspeare then issued 300,000 preference shares of £1 and 300,000 ordinary shares of 5*s*. to the public. The issue was for the most part left with the underwriters, and dealings in the shares have always been a matter of negotiation. Apparently James and Shakspeare proceeded to gamble in commodities. Recently the shellac commitments of the firm were taken over by the Dean Finance Company, a subsidiary of Tobacco Securities Trust, the consideration being the acquisition by the finance company of the 150,000 shares of Williams Henry. This suggests that the Dean Finance Company were already interested in the shellac pool. There is no reason to suspect a scandal in interlocking directorships and shareholdings in the James and Shakspeare company. The plain truth seems to be that Mr. Bishirgian, acting either as a director of James and Shakspeare or as an agent for others, miscalculated the pepper market and was forced into a "bull" position too large for him or his associates to carry. It would be useful to know whether he was given wrong information by interested parties, or whether he just blundered.

* * *

The home railway managements have been elated by the success of the Southern Railway's appeal against its rate assessment. This is not unnatural. The Railway and Canal Commission reduced the assessment of the Southern's "net annual value" from £2,180,000 to £1,077,131, although the local authorities had asked for an increase to £3,000,000. The logic of the railway rating law is, of course, incomprehensible. "Net annual value" is defined as the rent which a hypothetical yearly tenant might reasonably be expected to pay, but it requires a big stretch of the imagination to regard the owners of a permanent way as yearly tenants. To ascertain this rent two guesses are made :—(1) an estimate of the capital value of the plant and implements required by the hypothetical tenant for working the undertaking, and (2) the fixing of a percentage to be allowed to the tenant on his capital as the remuneration which he could reasonably expect to receive for providing it. Deduct this allowance from the yearly net receipts and you arrive at the rent which the hypothetical tenant should pay, i.e., the net annual value for rating purposes. The Railway and Canal Commissioners, after hearing impassioned pleas from the Southern Railway experts that old engines never die, fixed the hypothetical tenant's capital at £27,610,690 and (generously, I think) fixed 15 per cent. as the allowance on it, i.e., £4,141,603. The net receipts were agreed at £5,408,000—result £1,077,131, which means a yearly saving of about £380,000 in the Company's payment of rates for the quinquennium ending March, 1936. On the assumption that the appeals of the other railway companies against their rating assessments will be allowed on similar lines, we arrive at an annual saving of £1,000,000 for the London Midland and Scottish, £750,000 for London and North-Eastern, and £400,000 for the Great Western (about a 50 per cent. saving in each case).

* * *

It would be unwise to translate these savings directly into dividends. Under the de-rating scheme of the late Conservative Government only one-quarter of the rates of the railways are paid to the local authorities : three-quarters are paid to a fund for allowing rebates on certain classes of freight traffic. These rebates have been allowed since March, 1931, so that there is no money in the fund sufficient to compensate the railways for past over-payments in respect of rates. Further, the appropriation of, say, half the usual amount to the freight rebates fund in respect of the year 1935–36 presumably implies that the railways must allow smaller rebates to their customers. But if they are to reduce these rebates they may lose some traffic. It is, therefore, rash for the market to assume at this stage that 100 per cent. of the "savings" will be translated into extra dividends. Of course, adding the full "savings" to estimated 1934 dividends, they arrive at a full 4 per cent. on L.M. and S. 4 per cent. 1923 preference stock, 1½ per cent. on L. and N.E. second preference stock, and the full 5 per cent. on Southern 5 per cent. preferred ordinary stock—but they should not be oblivious of the fact that 1935 earnings, which have started badly, may not equal those of 1934.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALHAMBRA. Wednesday & Saturday.
The National Ballet of Lithuania.

APOLLO. Hyde Park Corner. Wed. & Sat.

COMEDY. Ten Minute Alibi. Wed., Sat.

DRURY LANE. Cinderella. Daily at 2.0.

DUCHESS. Wed. & Sat.
The Moon in the Yellow River.

DUKE of YORK'S. Ballet Rambert. W., S.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam ? Th. & Sat.

KINGSWAY. Murder in Motley. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Theatre Royal. Wed. & Sat.

PHOENIX. Mary Read. Thurs., Sat.

PICCADILLY. Wednesday & Saturday.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

SAVOY. Hi-Diddle Diddle ! Wed., Sat.

SHAFTESBURY. The Dominant Sex. Th., S.

ST. JAMES'. The Shining Hour. Wed., Thur.

ST. MARTIN'S. Man of Yesterday. Feb. 22.

WESTMINSTER. Weds. & Sats.
They Do These Things in France.

WHITEHALL. Viceroy Sarah. Tues. & Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

OPERA AND BALLET

ALHAMBRA. (Whi. 2525). Mon., Feb. 18. 8.30.
Subs. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SATS., at 2.30.
THE NATIONAL
BALLET OF LITHUANIA
Direct from MONTE CARLO.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5122.
Evenings 8.45. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
BALLET RAMBERT.
Repertory of 22 Ballets.—Four Nightly.

THEATRES

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663). 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HYDE PARK CORNER by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
GORDON HARKER. J. H. ROBERTS.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
2 Perfs. EVERY EVENING, 6.30 & 9.
LEW LESLIE'S NEW PRODUCTION
BLACKBIRDS OF 1935,
featuring VALAIDA.

COMEDY. 8.30. WED., SAT., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
TEN MINUTE ALIBI
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN. LAST 2 WEEKS.

DRURY LANE. Tem. 7171.
Twice Daily at 2 & 7.45.
CINDERELLA PANTOMIME.
Produced by JULIAN WYLIE.

DUCHESS. Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243.
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER

HIPPODROME. 8.15. Thur., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 3272).
BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
"YES, MADAM ?"
Vera Pearce, Wylie Watson, Bertha Belmore.

KINGSWAY. (Hol. 4032).
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ENID STAMP-TAYLOR, BERNARD LEE in
MURDER IN MOTLEY.

LYRIC. Ger. 3686-7. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST MADGE TITHERADGE ROBERT DOUGLAS.
in **THEATRE ROYAL.** Produced by Noel Coward.

PHOENIX. 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
FLORA ROBSON in
"MARY READ."

PICCADILLY. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Ger. 4506.
GWEN FFRANGCON DAVIES in
THE BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517). Transferring from St. Martin's Mon. next, 8.30. Wed & Sat., 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
NOW IN ITS 2ND YEAR.

ST. JAMES' Whitehall 3903.
Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
THE SHINING HOUR
with GLADYS COOPER, RAYMOND MASSEY.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. Tuesday next at 8, (subsequently 8.30). 1st. Mat., Fri., Feb. 22, 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS in
MAN OF YESTERDAY.

SAVOY. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8888.
Douglas BYNG, Greta NISSEN, John TILLEY
in the Walker-Nesbitt Revue,
"HI-DIDDLE DIDDLE !"

SHAFTESBURY. (Gerrard 6666).
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., at 2.30.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

WESTMINSTER. For Two Weeks Only.
NIGHTLY, 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
THEY DO THESE THINGS IN FRANCE.
A New Comedy by JOLLIFFE METCALFE.
Cast: Esmé Percy, Aileen Marson, Esmé Beringer.
1s. 6d. to *7s.* incl., all bookable. (Vic. 0283).

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692). Evenings, 8.30.
IRENE VANBRUGH in
VICEROY SARAH.
Matinees, Tues. and Sat. at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028.
Evenings 8.30, Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
WILLY FORST'S
Viennese Sensation of Europe,
MASKERADE (A),
with Paula Wessely.

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
Monday 18th. *THE BLUE ANGEL* (A).
Thursday 21st. *PARIS-MEDITERRANEE* (U).
Parking facilities. Seats bookable by 'phone, Ham 2285.

ART GALLERIES

HOW WALT DISNEY MAKES HIS ANIMATED CARTOONS.
Also Exhibitions by MARIETTE LYDIS OROVIDA and FRANCES HODGKINS.
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10–6 daily.

THE BLOOMSBURY GALLERY showing paintings of German artist F. R. KOE. 34 Bloomsbury St.

RESTAURANTS

DELICIOUS FOOD AT MODERATE COST. Lunch, Dinner and Late Supper. Licensed till midnight. RULES, of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Estd. 1780.

YOU can have small private dinner parties, up to 12 guests, by candle light in an 18th Century panelled room at the RED LION RESTAURANT. Menus and prices by arrangement. Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. HOL. 7721

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

"A CHILDREN'S PARADISE."
WELWYN is often described in these words, because of its lovely gardens, safe closes, and woods, and as a live town (not a suburb) it always offers points of interest for intelligent children. Health figures prove the better chance that children have there. It is a town for the whole family. And it is economical. 30 minutes from King's Cross, a house can be rented for £50 to £120 p.a., or purchased for £335 to £2,300. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. Howard, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

NORTHERN HEIGHTS. Small flat, unfurnished. Suit professional woman. Three rooms, bath, electricity, telephone. £50. 5 Mount View Road, N.4. Mountview 2173.

PUTNEY. Self-contained Maisonette, with extensive and beautiful view down the River. 2 Sitting rooms, 3 bed, kitchen, bathroom (geyser). Putney Bridge Station 6 mins. Rent £120. Tel.: 4030 Putney.

BRITISH MUSEUM 2 minutes. 2 Bed-sitting rooms in professional woman's house to let. Suitable business girls and students. Apply after 7 p.m. Museum 2525.

TWO minutes Oxford Circus, comfortable divan room for lady, 25s. 46 Devonshire Street, W.1.

FURNISHED or unfurnished rooms to let in Mecklenburgh Sq. 'Phone: Terminus 6020.

WANTED. West Central area one room office under £1 p.w. Box 676, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

REPERTORY THEATRES

BIRMINGHAM **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
1066 and All That. Words and Lyrics by Reginald Arkell, Music by Alfred Reynolds, from the Book by R. J. Yeatman and W. C. Sellar.

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Evenings 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
The First Mrs. Fraser. By St. John Ervine.

HARROGATE **White Rose Players.**
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
His Majesty's Guest. By Wilfred Eyre.

LIVERPOOL **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Duet in Floodlight. By J. B. Priestley.

MANCHESTER **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.30.
Draw the Fires. By Ernst Toller.

NORTHAMPTON **Repertory.**
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
The Great Adventure. By Arnold Bennett.

PLYMOUTH **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.45. Fri., 8.15. Mat., Sat., 2.45.
Touch Wood. By C. L. Anthony.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of the Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.*

WHERE TO STAY

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

ARUNDEL HOTEL, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.2. Overlooking Thames and Embankment Gardens. Very quiet. 100 rooms. Modern equipment. Room, Breakfast and Bath from 9s. 6d.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly (one night only 5s. 6d.) With dinner, 6s. 6d. or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A. LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

HEMMING AND HEMMING, LTD., 34 Southwick Street, W.2. 'Phone: Paddington 2364 (3 lines). Regd. Telegraphic address "HEMMITED London" for telegrams and cables.

BATHS aren't extra at HEMMING'S of Southwick Street.

CHELSEA.—Comfortable bed-sitting rooms with hot and cold water, gas fires and electric light; breakfasts, baths, attendance, from 27s. 6d., double, 3 guineas, 6s. per night. Dinners optional.—Flaxman House, 105 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 7284.

SUSSEX. Old farmhouse, modernised. Unspoilt country, good food. Quiet. Descriptive folder. MIMS, Pythingdean, Pulborough.

EASTBOURNE. 4 Hartfield Sq. Service rooms. Cent.; well furn.; quiet; full or pt. board, reas. terms, perm. or change.

THE OLD MILL CLUB,
West Harnham. SALISBURY.
Large countrified bedrooms with good attendance.
15th century Refectory.
Wonderful old Beams. Blazing Log Fires.
Three minutes by car from The Close.
Terms from 3½ guineas a week.

TORQUAY, Howden Court. Quiet central situation. Facing south and sea. Sun lounge, garden. H. and C. A.A. Telephone: 2807.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny. comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views, H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed. 'Phone 61.

AUSTRIA: Mountain Travel Club: Aug. 10th–24th Two concurrent tours. Motoring (800 kms.) £10 10s. 0d. Climbing £6 0s. 0d. Particulars—SECRETARY, 57 Jackson Road, Scunthorpe.